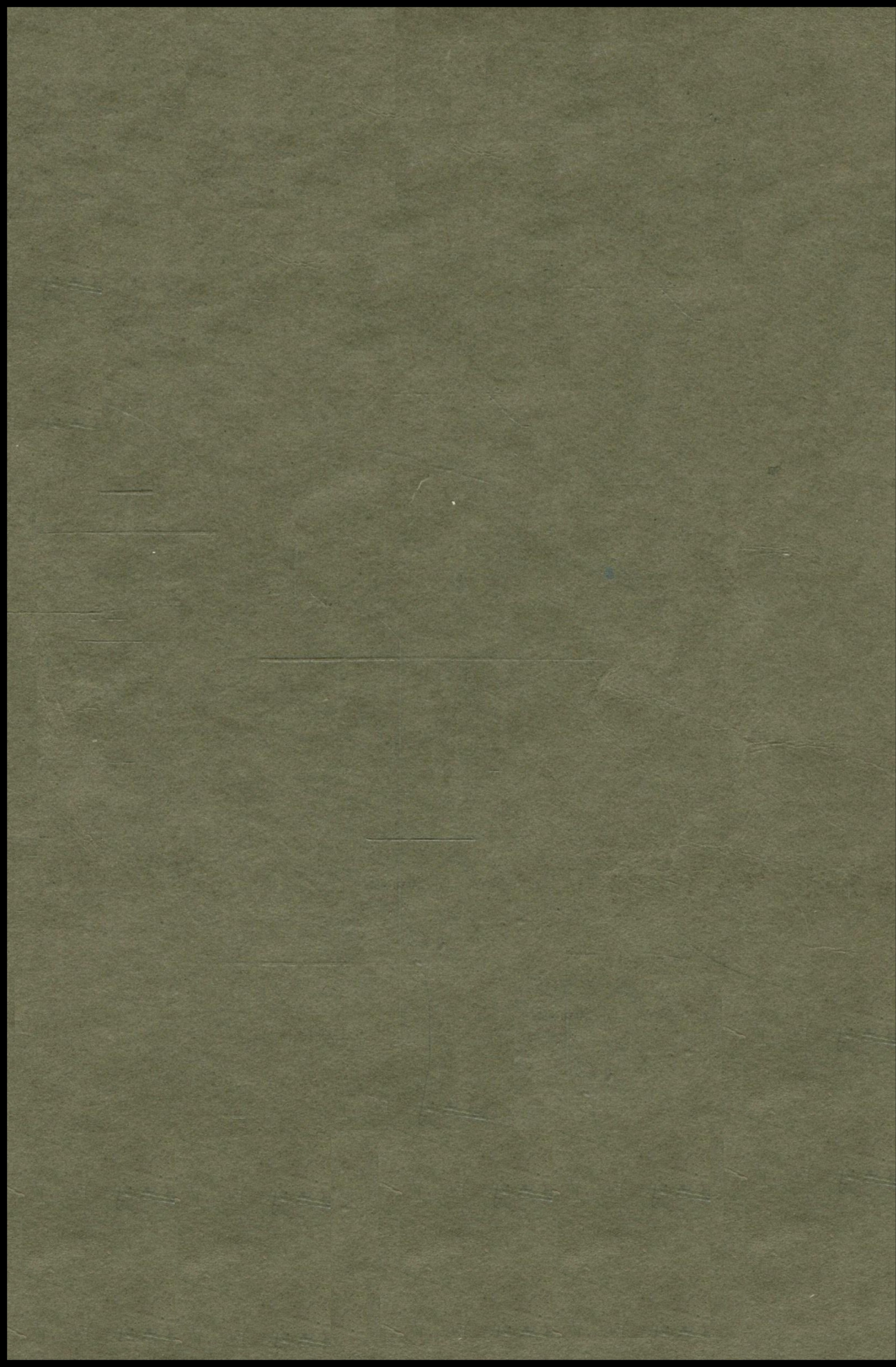


Jane Brown

The TIGER



JAN '21

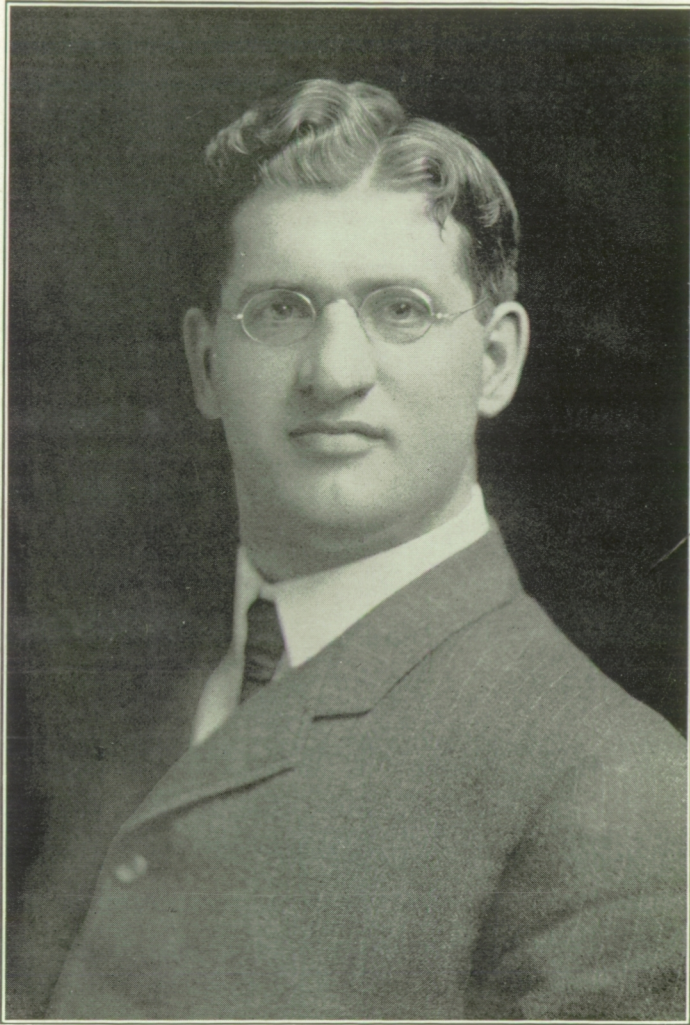




The Tiger

PUBLISHED BY
THE CLASS OF JANUARY,
1921, OF THE LEWIS AND
CLARK HIGH SCHOOL

JAN. '21

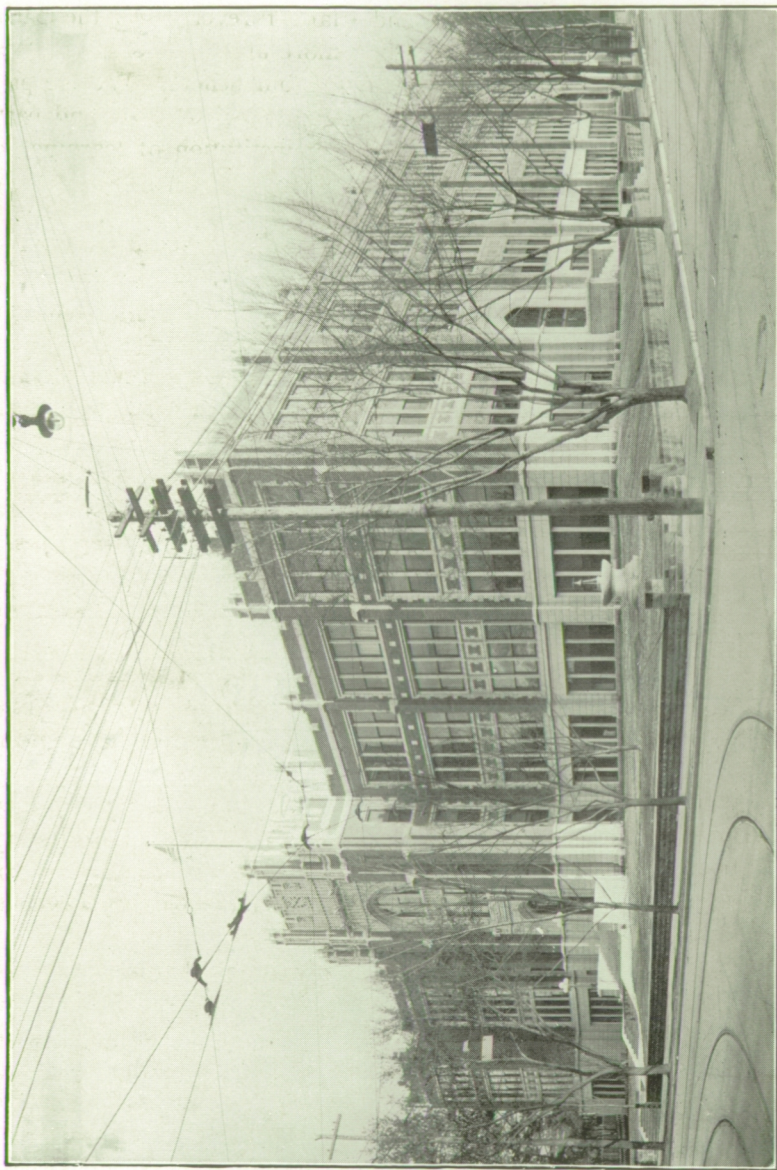


MARCUS M. BEDDALL

JAN. '21



TO Marcus M. Beddall,
who for ten years, by
precept and example,
has taught the students
of the Lewis and Clark High
School to love the truth; and whose
character has illuminated the lives
of thousands of students of this
school, this volume is affectionately
dedicated.



THE PRIDE OF THE NORTHWEST

JAN. '21



History and Appreciation

WE ARE leaving Lewis and Clark forever. As the parting draws nearer we are feeling more and more an overwhelming admiration and affection for our school. We are proud of her history and record of great achievements and particularly of her as she is today, a magnificent institution of learning, knit together by the pride and loyalty of her students, the spirit of Lewis and Clark.

Since the time when, in 1883, the first school building ever erected on the present site was completed, to the present day, Lewis and Clark's record has been one of constant growth, in size, in improvement of facilities, and in great achievements.

The first building, combining the grade and high school students, utterly lacking in educational facilities, gave way in 1891 to a more modern structure, the old South Central High School.

In 1910 this building was destroyed by fire, and our own Lewis and Clark took its place. This building with its large classrooms, broad corridors, and dignified architecture, complete with the very best in educational facilities, is pronounced one of the finest in the West. In this wonderful school, the Lewis and Clark student body has won laurel after laurel in the creation of its inspiring record.

The majority of our school's graduates, going on to institutions of higher learning, have filled the colleges and universities of the country and by their records in athletics, oratory and scholarship, have given us nation-wide recognition.

At home, because of her prowess in every line of activity, Lewis and Clark has gained the hearty and enthusiastic support of the community. Her fame has so spread that yearly hundreds of students come from all sections of the Inland Empire to receive a part or a whole of their education within her walls.

Lewis and Clark's contribution to the war was characteristic of her fine record.

From her student body and alumni she sent a full thousand men to the service. Every appeal for Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps met with a more than generous response. And then, to complete this glorious record, Lewis and Clark, with a burst of patriotic enthusiasm, pledged in a single day \$1200 for a memorial to those of her sons who died in the great struggle.

Lewis and Clark has reason for pride in the possession of an art gallery of several hundred beautiful pictures, a collection that can be equalled in few places in the West. This gallery in itself is a monu-



ment of the love and loyalty of Lewis and Clark's alumni, for it has come entirely from her graduating classes.

We, the Class of January, 1921, are proud of this glorious record. We are proud to be able to say that we have had our part in its making. We are glad at this time to give voice to this pride and to express our thanks to the school for what it has done for us.

To the members of the Lewis and Clark faculty, we wish to express our sincere appreciation for their never-failing sympathy and service. It is with a genuine regret that we leave them, for there is not one of us but has received help and enjoyed friendship with many of their number.

To our fellow-students, the undergraduates of our school, we give our hearty encouragement and assurances of sincere support in the future.

May the glory of Lewis and Clark remain undimmed, may many new laurels be added to her record, and may there continue to flourish as there has in the past that vital power in her life—the *spirit of Lewis and Clark*.





OUR PRINCIPAL

JAN. '21



OUR DIRECTOR

JAN. '21



Tige's Autobiography

TIGE began life the 29th day of January, 1917, the largest mid-year class that Lewis and Clark had ever seen. Tige has never known an idle moment since. Miss Bell immediately took charge of him, and under her directorship he flourished, growing sleek and fat. With William Collard as president, and Jessie Duff as vice president, he early gave signs foreshadowing a brilliant career.

The record of Tige's achievements is one of which he can well be proud. Henry Hart has had a monopoly on the debate honors of the school. He is also editor-in-chief of Tige's publication, *The Tiger*, and has captured one of the highest honors in his class, having an average of 94.50 per cent during his high school career. Mildred Hunt is the only one in the class who can boast of a higher average, she having secured an average of 94.58 per cent. Clifford Hutsell was captain of the track team, and is renowned for his ability to out-run anybody else in the school. He was also manager of the football team, president of the Kappa Beta Club, and a basketball letter man. Evelyn Halverson is president of the Girls' Athletic Union, and has made herself very popular with the girls—also with the boys. Philip Creasor secured the appointment to Annapolis, which is an honor coveted by many students. Edwin Aitchison is a star football player, and, although he is somewhat smaller than the rest of the team, he has made good in decided fashion. Ed is also a tennis letter man, and is president of the Sigma Alpha Club. Ralph Mead is a swimmer of repute, and he is also circulation manager of *The Tiger*. Ralph is the president of the Orange and Black Circle, and was Tige's treasurer when he was a Senior B. Franklin McClinck, one of Tige's adopted sons, is circulation manager of the *Lewis and Clark Journal*. Charles Kimble, another adopted son, was treasurer of the Class of June, 1920, when it was in its senior B year, and became its secretary when it attained its full growth. He is also literary editor of *The Tiger*. George (Jumbo) Rickert has been one of the main stays of our football team. He was a member of the team that brought North Central to her knees for the first time in years, and was also a member of the track team, winning a silver cup last year for breaking the record in the discus throw. Dave Guilbert is a crack shot, and secured his letter for his work on the rifle team. Art Walther is a valuable football man, but did not play with the regulars this year because he is past the age limit. He did his share of the work of the team by acting as assistant coach. Art is also editor of the sports department of the *Lewis and Clark Journal*. Florence Brown was



presented with a silver cup for her excellent work in Latin. Elizabeth Rush is the editor of the Humor Section of *The Tiger*. Mary Tate and Thomas Holm secured the leading parts in the class play, "Bachelor Hall," which, by the way, proved to be one of the funniest comedies ever written—at least that is Tige's opinion.

During Tige's sojourn in the Lewis and Clark High School there have been many improvements. The Girls' Athletic Union, an organization which includes practically all the girls in the school, was formed. The Girls' Athletic Union has done a great deal for the school, creating a spirit of good fellowship and cooperation that is very desirable. The Motor Corps, an organization of girls who have cars, was formed about the same time. These girls drive the athletes to the games, and perform many other services for the school in the line of emergency transportation.

A fund for the purchase of a pipe organ to be installed in the auditorium, was suggested, and has received contributions from many sources during the last few years. A memorial plate was erected in honor of the students and graduates who had lost their lives in the service of their country.

Having passed through four years of such importance in the life of the school, Tige now felt that the time had come to select those officers who were to guide his footsteps along the paths of righteousness to his final resting place. After great meditation, he chose Charles Kimble as the High Exalted Ruler of his Imperial Domain, and as assistant to His Royal Highness, he immediately decided upon Edwin Aitchison. As Lord of his Exchequer, he chose Henry Hart, and as Chief Mistress of his Quill and Records, he appointed Elaine Hanifen. As his High Council, he selected Florence Brown, Clifford Hutsell, and Ralph Mead.

Thus Tige reaches the height of his career, after having done his best to show the school and the world what a Tiger, full of energy, ambition, and the joy of living, can do.





We, who have
spent four happy years in
The Lewis and Clark

The Seniors, January '21

"Look! He is winding up the
watch of his wit;
Bye and bye it will strike."

—Shakespeare



KIMBLE, CHARLES HALE

"Done to death by slanderous tongues."

Commercial Course
Secretary Orange and Black Circle

President Adelante Club
Treasurer Commoners' Club
Papyrus Club

K. K. K.

D. U. K.

Treasurer Senior B, June '20

Secretary Senior A, June '20

President Senior A, Jan. '21

Tiger Staff

Class Play

Future: Undecided

AITCHISON, EDWIN PERI

"Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole."

General Course
President Signa Alpha Club

Journal Staff '18

Vice President Senior B Class '21

Vice President Senior A Class '21

Tennis, '18, '19

Football, '19, '20

Class Will

Future: U. of W.

HANIFEN, ELAINE MARY

"Answer me in one word."

Commercial Course

Council G. A. U., '18, '20

Vice President G. A. U., '20

Variety Show, '19, '20

Secretary Senior B Class, '21

Secretary Senior A Class, '21

Future: Undecided

HART, HENRY MELVIN

"I would fain die a dry death."

Classical Course

Secretary Orange and Black Circle

President Senate, '19

Papyrus Club

Classical Club

Lafayette Club

Wranglers Club

Class Debates, '17, '18, '19

State Debate Squad, '18, '19, '20

Editor-in-Chief of The Tiger

Winner Wranglers Contest, '20

Class Play

Orchestra

Treasurer Senior A, '21

Salutatorian

Future: Princeton

AITKINSON, MARJORIE MILNER

"I have spoken the least."

Classical Course

G. A. U.

Classical Club

Senate

Basket Ball, '19

Future: Vassar College

BELCHER, NATHAN

"As a nose on a man's face."

General Course

Future: W. S. C.

BESSE, VIOLET

"Is she not passing fair?"

General Course

G. A. U.

Class Play Usher

Future: Married

BRODERSON, MILDRED CATHERINE

"She's too rough for me."

Household Arts Course

G. A. U.

K. K. K.

Class Prophecy

Class Play Wardrobe Mistress

Tiger Staff

Future: U. of W.





BROWN, FLORENCE LOUISE

"The boys all cried, 'She's quite the kick',"

Classical Course
Classical Club
G. A. U.
Latin Honors, '19, '20
Latin Play
Patriotic Pageant
Future: U. of Michigan

BURTON, BETTIE VICK

"With every minute you do change a mind."

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Girls' Debate League
Commoners' Club
Secretary Senate
Class Debate, '17, '18, '19
Latin Play
Variety Show
Class Play Advertising Mgr.
Future: U. of W.

CARLEY, THELMA

"I'll keep you company."

General Course
G. A. U.
Future: Cheney Normal School

DUNCAN, RAYMOND

*"Take, oh, take those lips away,
that so sweetly were fore-
sworn."*

General Course
Kappa Beta
Class Play
Football (Boise H. S.), '14
Football (Tekoa H. S.), '13, '17
Basket Ball (Tekoa H. S.), '13, '14
President Freshman Class (Tekoa H. S.)
President Senior Class (Tekoa H. S.)
President Student Body (Tekoa H. S.)
Operetta (Tekoa H. S.)
Operetta (Boise H. S.)
Class Play (Tekoa H. S.)
Future: Dentistry



CANFIELD, HELEN MARIE

"Let the world slide."

Household Arts Course

G. A. U.

Glee Club

Patriotic Pageant

Class Play Usher

Future: U. of W.

CEDERCRANS, WALTER

"A man I am, crossed with adversity."

Scientific Course

Future: U. of W.

CHANDLER, HENRY BURR

"Love is merely a madness."

General Course

Orange and Black Circle

Band, '17, '18, '19

Orchestra, '18, '19, '20

Class Play Stage Manager

Future: Stanford

CONNELLY, MARGARET AMANDA

"Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength."

General Course

G. A. U.

Blue Triangle

Motor Corps

Variety Show, '20

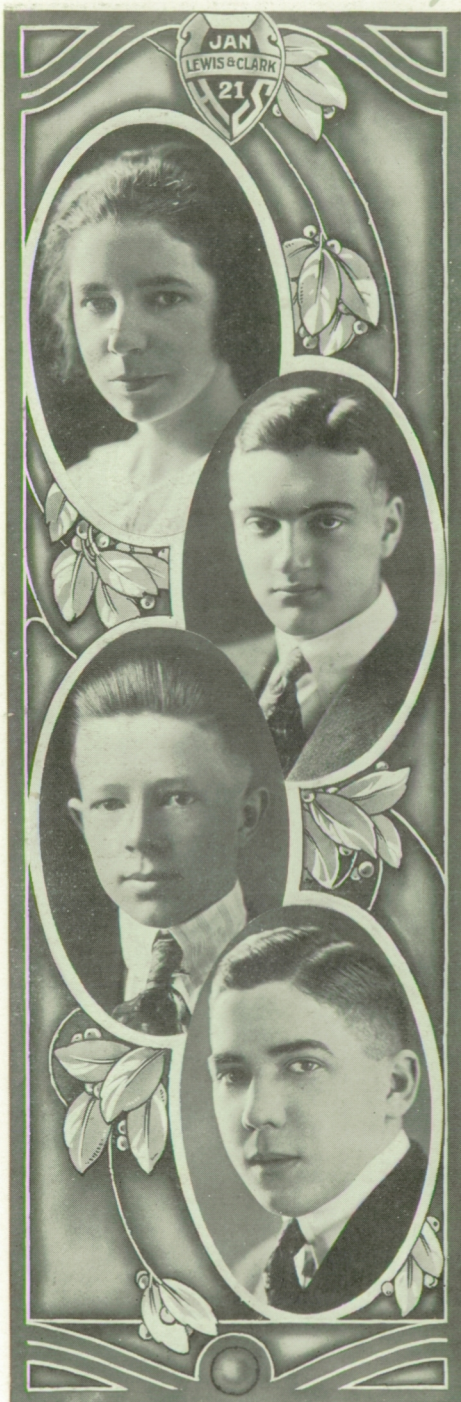
Football Bazaar, '19, '20

Class Play Property Mistress

Class Will

Future: Eastern School





CHAMBERS, KATHLEEN MARIE

"I hope good luck lies in odd numbers."

General Course

G. A. U.

Future: W. S. C.

CREASOR, PHILIP SWANTON

"We burn daylight."

Scientific Course

Future: Undecided

CRUMLEY, RUSSELL

"The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good."

General Course

Future: U. of W.

DIVINE, EUGENE L.

"That no woman shall come within a mile of my court."

General Course

Future: Babson's University



DUFF, JESSIE MOWATT

"Here's my hand."

Classical Course
G. A. U.
Sacajawea Club
Future: U. of W.

EATON, BERTHA MUNTER

*"Have I once lived to see two
honest men?"*

G. A. U.
Classical Club
Senate
Freshman Debate Team
Future: U. of W.

ENLOE, KEITH

"Mine host of the Garter."

Scientific Course
Kappa Beta
Basket Ball, '19
Future: U. of W.

FARISS, JAMES FRANKLIN

*"They say, best men are moulded
out of faults."*

General Course
Science Club
Mathematics Club
Rifle Club
Future: U. of W.





FEILBERG, ALFHILD ELIZABETH

*"Some Cupid kills with arrows;
some with traps."*

G. A. U.
Glee Club
Class Play Usher
Future: U. of W.

FLUHRER, LOUISE W.

"Men were deceivers ever."

General Course
G. A. U.
Future: W. S. C.

FUNK, ALBERT HARVEY

"I will go meet the ladies."

Scientific Course
Future: W. S. C.

GIBSON, CHARLES OWEN

"In faith, he is a worthy gentleman."

General Course
Sigma Alpha
Future: O. A. C.



GUILBERT, DAVID CASSEDAY

"This is the short and long of it."

Scientific Course
Orange and Black Circle
Secretary Science Club
Captain Rifle Team
Mgr. Orange and Black Prom
Class Play
Future: W. S. C.

HACHEZ, IRENE LOUISE

"Speak low if you speak low."

General Course
G. A. U.
Art Club
Variety Show, '20
Future: W. S. C.

HALVERSON, EVELYN ADELE

"For she is wise, if I can judge of her."

General Course
President G. A. U.
K. K. K.
Secretary Thespians
Class Play
Tiger Staff
Future: U. of W.

HANSON, EVA BLANCHE

"Condemned into everlasting redemption."

General Course
G. A. U.
Journal Staff, '19
Head Usher Class Play
Variety Shows, '19, '20
Future: Cheney Normal School





HAGEN, GRACE MELVINE

*"What's mine is yours, and what
is yours is mine."*

General Course
G. A. U.
Basket Ball, '19, '20
Baseball, '19
Volley Ball, '20
Future: W. S. C.

HILMER, SELMA VIOLA

*"I love thee not, therefore persue
me not."*

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Basket Ball
Volley Ball
Future: Business world

HORAN, REVA CORRINE

"All that glistens is not gold."

General Course
G. A. U.
Future: U. of Minnesota

HOLM, KNUTE THOMAS

*"I will not jump with common
spirits."*

General Course
Kappa Beta
Leading Man Class Play
Basket Ball (Post Falls H. S.),
'18, '19, '20
Future: U. of Idaho



HUNT, MILDRED MARY

*"Deeper than e'er plummet
sounded."*

Classical Course
G. A. U.
Treasurer Classical Club
Vice President Mathematics Club
Latin Play
Patriotic Pageant
Valedictorian
Future: U. of W.

HUNTER, BESSIE DUFFILL

*"Silence is the perfectest herald of
joy."*

General Course
G. A. U.
Blue Triangle
Sacajawea Club
Future: Lassell Seminary,
Auburndale, Mass.

HUTCHINSON, MARJORIE

"O, what men dare to do."

General Course
G. A. U.
Deka Sigma
Swimming
Future: Undecided

HUTSELL, CLIFFORD S.

"The most senseless and fit man."

General Course
President Kappa Beta
Associate Editor Journal, '18
Sports Editor Journal, '19
Tiger Staff
Executive Committee
Basket Ball, '19, '20
Cross Country, '19
Track, '18, '19, '20
Football Manager, '20
Future: U. of W.





JOHNSON, JUDITH ADELAIDE

"Down on your knees."

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Adelante Club
Future: Business world

JOHNSON, RALPH G.

"I am a bold and handsome youth."

Scientific Course
Future: U. of W.

JOHNSON, VICTOR

"Thou art the Mars of Malcontents"

Scientific Course
Science Club
Glee Club
Future: U. of W.

KELLOGG, HAZEL MARGUERITE

"Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty."

Household Arts Course
G. A. U.
Future: Cheney State Normal School



KIRK, MERLE MILDRED

"A child of Grandmother Eve."

General Course
G. A. U.
Volley Ball, '19, '20
Variety Show, '20
Future: W. S. C.

KIRKPATRICK, ERNEST EDWARD

*"He hath ne'er fed of the dainties
that are bred in a book."*

General Course
Future: W. S. C.

KOSS, ESTHER ELIZABETH LOUISE

*"I have no other but a woman's
reason."*

Classical Course
Basket Ball
Indoor Baseball
Future: Undecided

MARTIN, HAZEL IRENE

*"Merrily, merrily, shall I live
now."*

Classical Course
G. A. U.
Future: Undecided





LAW, MILDRED THERESE

*"O, Heaven! To choose love by
another's eyes."*

General Course

Future: Business College

LAMSON, JOSEPH VORIS, JR.

*"I cannot do it, yet I'll hammer it
out."*

Manual Arts Course

Class Play Electrician

Future: U. of W.

LARSON, CLARA

*"I know a trick worth two of
them."*

Household Arts Course

G. A. U.

Future: W. S. C.

LINSTRUM, THEODORE ERNEST

*"There's no music in the nightin-
gale."*

Scientific Course

Future: Undecided



MATHERS, EDITH

*"The rude sea grew civil at her
song."*

General Course

G. A. U.

Future: U. of W.

McCLINTOCK, FRANKLIN T.

*"As sweet and musical as bright
Apollo's lute."*

General Course

Treasurer Kappa Beta

D. U. K.

Lafayette Club

Classical Club

Business Mgr. Journal, '20

Class Play, '20

Class Play, '21

Future: Princeton University

MILLER, LORETTA LEONA

*"Were man but constant he were
perfect."*

Classical Course

G. A. U.

Future: Undecided

NELSON, JOHN

*"I'll speak in a monstrous little
voice."*

General Course

Future: W. S. C.





MCGINNIS, WILLIAM ALFRED

"A very valiant trencherman."

General Course
Secretary Rifle Club, '18
Rifle Team
Baseball, '18, '19, '20
Football, '19
Future: Undecided

McCoy, HELEN

"The daintiest and the sweetest lass."

Classical Course
G. A. U.
Blue Triangle
Variety Shows, '19, '20
Football Bazaars, '19, '20
Class Will
Future: Undecided

*Helen McCoy
is a dear*

McCREA, GLADYS VIRGINIA

"Can one desire too much of a good thing?"

Classical Course
G. A. U.
Patriotic Pageant
Volley Ball, '19
Indoor Baseball, '19
Variety Show, '20
Future: U. of Idaho

MEAD, ESTHER EDNA

"I have gained my experience."

Household Arts Course
G. A. U.
Commoners' Club
Indoor Baseball
Basket Ball
Future: W. S. C.



MEDBY, MABER ROY

*"From the crown of his head to
the soles of his feet, he is all
mirth."*

General Course
Orange and Black Circle
Class Play
Class Play Business Manager
Tiger Staff
Future: U. of California

MEAD, RALPH EMERSON

*"How blest are we that are not
simple men."*

General Course
President Orange and Black
Circle
President Commoners' Club, '19
K. K. K.
Wranglers' Club
Swimming Team, '20
Senior B Treasurer, '21
Tiger Staff
Senior A Yell Leader, '21
Class Play
Future: W. S. C.

MINCKS, HAROLD A.

*"How poor are they that have not
patience."*

Manual Arts Course
Future: Undecided

MULLEN, HILDA MAY

*"Come not within the measure of
my wrath."*

Classical Course
G. A. U.
Classical Club
President Mathematics Club, '20
Class Debate, '19
Class Play Usher
Future: Undecided





PATTEE, HELEN RUTH

*"Lord, what fools these mortals
be!"*

General Course
G. A. U.
Future: Whitman College

PRESCOTT, NELLIE TAYLOR

*"I take my leave with many thou
sand thanks."*

General Course
G. A. U.
Indoor Baseball, '20
Volley Ball, '20
Class Play Usher
Future: U. of W.

TATE, MARY HELEN

"To entrap the wisest."

General Course
G. A. U.
Commoners' Club
Leading Lady Class Play
Future: Dramatics, Chicago Univ.

THOMPSON, MARION JEAN

*"I am the greatest, able to do
least."*

General Course
Future: Undecided

QUINN, ALBERTA MAE

"Women of few words are the best women."

Household Arts Course

G. A. U.

Papyrus Club

Future: Cheney Normal School

RICKERT, GEORGE STANLEY

"A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience."

General Course

Kappa Beta

Track, '18, '19, '20

Football, '18, '19, '20

Future: U. of W.

ROBINSON, HAROLD PORTFORS

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

Scientific Course

Journal Staff, '19

Future: U. of W.

ROGERS, JUSTIN ANTHONY

"Fill all thy bones with aches."

Classical Course

Orange and Black Circle

Rifle Club, '17, '18

Senate

Editor-in-Chief Journal, '19

Journal Staff, '18, '19

Class Play, '20

Future: U. of Pennsylvania





RUSH, ELIZABETH ELLEN

*"Yet marked I where the bolt of
Cupid fell."*

Household Arts Course

G. A. U.

Variety Show, '19, '20

Football Bazaar, '20

Swimming, '19

Class Play

Patriotic Pageant

Future: U. of W.

SCHELLING, NELLIE C.

"I dote on his very absence."

General Course

G. A. U.

General Course

Class Play Usher

Future: Madame's Convent

SHIRLEY, BERNICE

*"I will kill thee a hundred and
fifty ways!"*

Commercial Course

G. A. U.

Future: Business world

SMITH, MARY LAURENE

"The mirror of all courtesy."

Household Arts Course.

G. A. U.

Future: Undecided



TOBIE, PAUL

"E'er I learn love, I'll practice to obey."

General Course

Future: Seattle School of Radio
Telegraphy

TYTHERLEIGH, PHILIP E.

*"When he is best, he is a little
worse than a man."*

General Course

Kappa Beta

Basket Ball, '18, '19, '20

Football

Future: U. of Pennsylvania

U'REN, BERNICE MYRL

*"A woman's nay doth stand for
naught."*

Household Arts Course

G. A. U.

Secretary of Senate, '19

Future: W. S. C.

VAN ZANDT, FRANKLIN KELLER

*"He makes sweet music with the
enameled stones."*

Classical Course

Vice President Senate

Future: U. of W.





TURNBULL, DOROTHY

*"Music, ho! music, such as
charmeth sleep."*

General Course
G. A. U.
Blue Triangle
Orchestra
Future: Undecided

WALTHER, ARTHUR OSCAR

*"A Daniel come to judgment!
yea, a Daniel."*

General Course
Vice President Kappa Beta, '19
U. S. Marines, '18
Papyrus Club
Commoners' Club
Sport Editor Journal, '20
Football, '17, '18, '19
Basket Ball, '18, '19
Baseball, '18, '19, '20
Class Play
Class Prophecy
Future: Whitman College

WEIN, MANDELL BEATRICE

*"I will not charm my tongue, I am
bound to speak."*

General Course
G. A. U.
G. A. U. Orchestra
Journal Staff, '19
Patriotic Pageant
Glee Club, '19
Basket Ball, '19, '20
Volley Ball, '19, '20
Apparatus Team, '20
Class Play
Tiger Staff
Future: Chicago Musical Con-
servatory

WESTLING, MARGARET

*"I have no other but a woman's
reason."*

Classical Course
G. A. U.
Mathematics Club
Class Play Usher
Future: U. of W.



WHITE, HOLLY LOUISE

"She is not so old but she may learn."

General Course

G. A. U.

President G. A. C.

Sacajawea Club

Glee Club

Tennis, '19

Volley Ball, '17, '18, '20

Basket Ball, '17, '18, '20

Basket Ball, '17, '18, '19, '20

Baseball, '16, '17, '18, '20

Future: New Haven Normal
School of Gymnasium

WILSON, LYMAN O., JR.

"I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."

General Course

Future: Undecided

WOLCOTT, BESSIE LELA

"Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing."

Household Arts Course

G. A. U.

Vice President G. A. C., '20

Deka Sigma Club

G. A. U. Council, '20

School Swimming Team, '19, '20

Volley Ball, '19, '20

Basket Ball, '19, '20

Baseball, '19, '20

Future: New Haven Normal
School of Gymnasium

WOOD, WILLIAM BEVERLEY

"I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted."

Scientific Course

Science Club

Rifle Club

Future: Stanford University





WOODKE, RONALD

*"While you live, tell the truth and
shame the devil."*

General Course
Rifle Club
Future: Undecided

WOODWARD, LILA GRACE

*"Away; I have nothing to do with
thee."*

Commercial Course
G. A. U.
Future: W. S. C.

YEW, WONG

"He will give the devil his due."

Scientific Course
Future: W. S. C.

YERKE, HAROLD PAUL

*"There is a sixpence for you: let's
have a song."*

General Course
Sigma Alpha
Future: Undecided



KOULDUKIS, JAMES
General Course
Future: University of California

BROWN, ROY PAUL
*"Condemn the fault and not the
actor of it."*
General Course
Future: Undecided





Class Prophecy



AS I SIT gazing through the iron bars of my lonely padded cell, my mind sees not the world without, but forever brings up recurring images of the past. Happy recollections of my dim, distant youth are conjured up before me. Of course this only happens when I am not Napoleon or William Shakespeare. You see, it is my memory that is at fault, although they say I am the looniest lunatic at Medical Lake.

On some things my memory certainly is clear, and those are the happenings which brought me here. It seems but yesterday that I, finding myself a success in business and being unmarried, decided, on my doctor's orders, to take a trip from my beloved city of Spokane to France.

On the ninth day of August, 1932, I boarded the train. Imagine my happiness when, being afflicted with a terrific thirst, I heard a rich, manly voice calling out in the car, "Pop, soda water, and confectioneries." I looked up, and there stood my beloved friend of high school days, Henry Hart. After a happy reunion, he gave me a little of his history.

It seems that after graduating from that portal of learning, the Lewis and Clark High School, he entered Spokane College. But while there his good fortune began to forsake him. Charles Kimble was still dogging his footsteps, and had alienated from him the affections of the beautiful young lady, Merle Kirk. This queered Henry with the school and he finally gave up college, becoming principal of a country school. But here his chance for success was again obstructed. He became involved in a quarrel with two of his subordinate teachers, Eva Hansen and Harold Yerke, over smoking a meerschaum pipe during school hours. The matter was taken up with the school board, consisting of Philip Creasor, Harold Mincks, and Franklin Van Zandt. He was dismissed and finally obtained the present position because of the pull which he had with the railroad president's daughter, Margaret Connelly. Henry had been quite successful in his new occupation, selling as many as 42 packages of peanuts in one day. He was intending to enter Ralph Mead's "School of Music and Facial Contortion" the following year.

Ralph had made a fortune with George Rickert's circus and had started a school to teach others the wonderful art. One of his most advanced students, Ted Lindstrum, had been arrested in the streets of Boston for trying to imitate a kangaroo. Three of his pupils, Harold Robinson, Alberta Quinn, and Violet Besse, were in Russia teaching Bolsheviks how to make faces, so as to scare away enemies of the Red Flag.

I soon reached New York. I had nearly recovered from my first terrible shock, but was destined to receive another, for, upon taking up the morning paper, these glaring headlines greeted my eyes: "Daring Swindler at Last Brought to Earth—David Guilbert Confesses Crimes." And yet another horrified me: "Victims, Grace Hagen, Bernice U'Ren, and Louise Fluhrer, Take Witness Stand Against Him."

I was unable to read the detailed account of his horrible crimes and



glanced at the next page. There I nearly lost consciousness. "Roland Woodke Mentioned as Possible Nominee of the B. and M. Party" (meaning Bottle and Moonshine). The account read that he was a candidate for the office of Chief Tea Tester. Holly White, the present Chief, had been elected by this strange group of booze-fighting demigogues four years ago, whose motto was: "Why not have an Oasis in the Desert? Give us three fingers or a watery grave."

These shocks were too much. Throwing down the paper, I rushed down to the dock and booked passage on the Newmonia, sailing for Calais in fifteen minutes. I boarded the ship, and retired to my stateroom. On the third day after the usual attack of indigestion, I came on deck and began to read a novel, only to be interrupted by a sweet voice behind me, saying, "Dearest Owen, it is too good to be true. At last we are united in the holy bonds of matrimony." It was Owen Gibson and his wife, Evelyn Halverson, on their honeymoon. Then my attention was attracted by a gruff voice reprimanding the three stewardesses, Judith Johnson, Lila Woodard, and Bernice Shirley. It was John Nelson, the captain of the ship, who was surely making a grand success in the water line.

That night, about ten o'clock, I was awakened by some unearthly and ungodly noises, yelps, squawks, and rumbles. Running to the stateroom door I demanded of Lila, who was passing by, who was being murdered. When she perceived at last what I was striving to make her understand, she informed me that it was the great grand-opera singer, Jean Thompson, and her accompanist, Roy Brown, rehearsing. They were to be heard by a board of censors and bird doctors in Paris. I also obtained the information that the board consisted of a few of my old schoolmates, as well as a number of Frenchmen. The degenerate members of our old company, I found to be Edith Mathers, Helen Pattee, Laurene Smith, and Alfhild Feilberg. By some coincidence, it seems, the French part of the board was all masculine.

The voyage was certainly full of shocks and surprises. The next day I began my real tour of the ship. I found down in the engine room three grimy, dirty specimens. As I appeared, they rushed upon me and shook my hand. I assured them that they had mistaken my identity, as I had never seen them before; but I proved to be wrong, for when they had washed and shaved, I recognized them as Walter Cedercrans, Albert Funk, and Lyman Wilson. Poor fellows, they introduced me to Paulovitch Tobie, who was teaching them the rudiments of good citizenship. His basic principle, from what I obtained of their conversation, was: "Punch the other fellow's head till he gives you what you want, and then keep it."

After I had nearly succeeded in regaining my self-composure, at nightfall my mental balance was again sent tottering. As I was about to retire, I found my bed occupied by a colony of affectionate boa-constrictors and other members of the snake family. I knew them to be affectionate by the manner with which a large one embraced me. My cries for help brought their charmer, Helen Canfield, who had taken up this line of charming when her wiles failed to charm Ralph Mead. She apologized profusely and explained that their keeper, Thelma Carley, was being cared for in the "Sick bay" due to a case of hashingitis re-



ceived from eating hash prepared "a la mode The Lewis and Clark High School," by the chief cook and bottle washer, Franklin Fariss.

During the remaining days of my voyage, I stayed within my state-room and it was with the utmost satisfaction and relief that I heard the cry, "Ten minutes to Calais."

After descending from the gang-plank, I was hustled aside by a big, rough bruiser with a little woman hanging on to his arm. Accompanying them and carrying three suitcases and a trunk was a sporty looking man, whom I recognized as Edwin Aitchison. I ascertained from the porter that Edwin Aitchison was manager of the heavyweight champion of the world, Russell Crumley. The lady was Mrs. Crumley, nee Jessie Duff.

Ah! the cruel shocks that I had already received were but trifles compared with what the world had in store for me. I ordered a cab and was looking sharply at the driver when she said, "*Oui, oui, Monsieur.*" It was another of the unfortunates, Hilda Mullen.

Arriving at the airplane depot, I purchased my ticket to Paris. Would I never get away from the sad memories of the past! Imagine my surprise when I found a barber shop on the airplane with three lady barbers, none other than Marjorie Atkinson, Loretta Miller, and Nellie Prescott. While Nellie was giving me a haircut, she recited to me the fate of several more of the Class of Twenty-one. Wong Yew was now the Chinese ambassador to France. William McGinnis, he of the shooting fame, had started a shooting gallery in a small town in France, his customers being married women. The only weapons used were rolling pins and the target, a dummy representing the weaker sex, the men.

The first thing I saw in Paris was a large sign, which an obliging stranger informed me was French for Pool Hall. Below the name was the sign "Hutsell & Tytherleigh," proprietors.

This was too much for me, and I rushed madly on. On the next corner was a large poster bearing the old familiar name of Mandell Wein. Below it ran something to this effect: "With her famous company of burlesque dancers at the Coliseum tonight." I was anxious to witness with my own eyes the wonderful success of a former colleague, and as it was nearly show time I hurried down the Rue. I was forced to sidestep because of a large baby buggy, in which there was a bouncing pair of twins. I looked at the lucky parents and who do you think they were? Eugene Divine and his charming wife, Dorothy Turnbull Divine.

As I approached the ticket window, who should speak to me from behind a mass of paint and powder but Elizabeth Rush! I hurried inside and witnessed a show of practically the same old order. It was Mandell, with a cast composed of Betty Burton, Nelly Schelling, Bessie Hunter, Helen McCoy, Selma Hilmer, Irene Hachez, Esther Mead, Margaret Westling, Tom Holm, and Raymond Duncan. Judging from the collection of bricks, eggs of ancient origin, and other articles which were hurled upon them, the performance was a decided hit. I surely was much impressed. Taking it all in all however, it was too much for me and after the first act, I started for the door. My haste resulted in a collision with a human mountain. After regaining my feet with his assistance, by standing on tiptoe, I was able to peer over the parapet and recognize him as Keith Enloe. Keith was overjoyed to



see me, and when his flow of copious tears had somewhat abated, he recounted to me, with an accent flavored with garlic, the story of his successful career. Having come to France, he had engaged as the waiter in a little cafe called the "Red Onion." Being of an enterprising nature, he had set up a competitive establishment known as the "Green Onion," which he had lately enlarged to accommodate the big crowds which now patronized him. He attributed his success to the cabaret dancer whom he had engaged, by good fortune. He invited me to visit his place that evening. Seeing my curiosity concerning his wonderful physique, he informed me that it was all due to the perfection attained by his wife, Bertha Eaton, in the culinary art.

I retraced my footsteps to the Hotel Champagne, where I had registered. I soon found that I had made a mistake, for the three greatest vamps of filmdom were stopping there. I hate to disclose their names, but as an example of iniquity for the future generations I must do so. They were Lilly Kolb, Reva Horan, and Mildred Law. However, as I was able to escape from the hotel without meeting them, I considered myself extremely fortunate.

That night, I turned toward the "Green Onion," and as I went cautiously in, a swirling, twirling, twisting mass of brilliant color greeted my poor eyes. When it finally unwound and untangled itself, it proved to be a specimen of the feminine sex. Drawing closer, I beheld behind the barrier of "Sherwin Williams" paint, powder, flour, and starch, the familiar visage of our Theda Bara of high school days, Mary Tate. She was doing her world-famous "Snake Dance," to the howling, screeching, discordant blare of a typical Bohemian Jazz Band, composed of six very strange creatures, whom on closer inspection I found to be some more of that now depraved company, the Class of January '21.

Knocking the keys off a dilapidated piano was Nathan Belcher. Nate was now sporting a new model two-foot mustache, which improved his appearance somewhat, as it hid the rest of his features. The violinist, who was evidently doing an acrobatic and sawing act simultaneously, I found to be Elaine Hanifen. The bass violinist was balancing her instrument on the top of her head and attempting to play at the same time. I identified the "Powerful Katrinka" as Florence Brown. The drummer obtained his music by doing a cake-walk on his instrument. When I gained a glimpse of his face, I knew him to be Joseph Lamson. The saxophone players, Hazel Martin and Esther Koss, were doing a little mimic act. I'm sure I recognized a bull's rumble, a coyote's yelp, and a few Indian shrieks in their repertoire. I ascertained later that the orchestra was endeavoring to play some of the latest song hits, "*Her Kiss Is Like the Last Visit to the Wine-Cellar*," by Justin Rogers, and "*Carry Me Back to Old Kentucky, Where the Moonshines Still*," by Beverly Wood. I won't say they were exactly successful, but the audience seemed to enjoy the discord. This was due to Keith's absinthe, which had an extra good kick. Five people who had imbibed a little too freely, began to quarrel over a ninth person. The quarrel started with a few words, and resulted in many kicks and hair pulls. The disputants made so much noise that the whole police department rushed in. Paris had lately given women equal rights with men, and naturally all departments were overrun by



the feminine sex. The shock I received when I identified the police and their captives was indeed a terrible one. There stood Bessie Wolcott, holding in one hand a 45 automatic and in the other, one of the desperadoes I had noticed before, whom I soon recognized as Beverly Wood. He certainly was ferocious and it was all Bessie could do to hold him. The next copperess I recognized as Kathleen Chambers, whose club was descending rapidly on a husky unfortunate, Victor Johnson. Poor Vic, the blows were fatal ones! He's at the same place I am now. The third member of the force was having quite a time with her captive. When the storm had subsided I saw Mildred Hunt, dressed in the uniform of the law, proudly holding her victim by the hair. The hapless person was Gladys McCrea. The fifth copperess had an easy job. I recognized the officer of the law as Clara Larson, and Ralph Johnson as the captive. Poor, poor people; theirs was indeed a sad lot. After they had departed with the unhappy captives, I could remain no longer. Somehow I couldn't think, see, or hear correctly, the unhappy events were undoubtedly unhinging my mind.

The president of France was taking a trip around the city, and I determined to see him. As the immense crowd of people came through the street, I looked for the great man; and there, standing in the regalia and war paint of a president, was Franklin McClintock. This shock was the fatal one. Overcome with happiness at seeing at least one of our class a real distinguished individual, I attempted to speak to him. His body guard, evidently thinking I intended some harm to him, made a rush for me and grabbed me. I looked into their faces and beheld Ernest Kirkpatrick and Burr Chandler. Then I remember no more until I at last came to myself in this abode of nuts. I have been told that I had been brought first to America, and then home to Spokane, and finally to Medical Lake through the influence of my good friend, H. H. Henneford. The life out here wouldn't be so bad, if it wasn't for one thing—the way Mildred Brodersen and Art Walther pester the life out of me. Mildred thinks she's the queen of the fairies and always wants me to turn into Cleopatra, a ukulele, a quart of tooth paste, or who knows what. It depends on what she is thinking about at the time.

Art raises thunder, too. He is always imagining that he's an express train or a football player, for he's always waking me up nights by butting his head against the steel bars. I don't mind the noise much, but I always think that the bars may break and Art will escape. Otherwise, I surely enjoy nearly everything, and the two trustees, Marjorie Hutchinson and Hazel Kellogg, certainly do everything they can to encourage poor hardworking lunatics. If I'm not Julius Caesar tomorrow, maybe I'll write some more; if not, *adieu*.

Signed,

ROY MEDBY,
MILDRED BRODERSEN,
ARTHUR WALTHER,



Tiger's Library

Harold Robinson	"Studies in Insect Life"
David Gilbert.....	"The Ten-Foot Chain"
Eugene Divine	"Moon-Calf"
Marion Jean Thompson.....	"Modern Tendencies in Sculpture"
Ed Aitchison.....	"A Little Boy Lost"
Evelyn Halverson.....	"Midsummer Night's Dream"
Burr Chandler.....	"The Inevitable"
Gladys McCrea.....	"The Gilded Age"
Mildred Brodersen.....	"Studies in Gothic Architecture"
Victor Johnson.....	"The Breath of Spring"
Charles Kimble.....	"Her Devoted Slave"
Albert Funk.....	"The Perfect Gentleman"
Franklin McClintock } Mary Tate }	"Wild Animals I Have Known"
Clifford Hutsell.....	"The Age of Innocence"
Mandell Wein.....	"Much Ado About Nothing"
George Rickert.....	"A Nursery Story of the Bible"
William McGinnis.....	"Beauty and the Bolshevik"
Arthur Walther.....	"The Unknown Quantity"
Esther Mead } Violet Besse } Philip Creasor } Keith Enloe }	"Flappers and Philosophers"
Nathan Belcher } Ernest Kirkpatrick } Joseph Lamson }	"Enemies of Women"
Ralph Mead } Helen Canfield }	"Romeo and Juliet"
Harold Yerke.....	"The Story of a Bad Boy"
Mr. Johnson.....	"The Abandoned Claim"
Roy Medby.....	"The Jester"
Justin Rogers.....	"Nigger of the Narcissus"
Thomas Holm.....	"Sentimental Tommy"
Lyman Wilson.....	"Polished Ebony"
Mr. Henneford.....	"The Hope Chest"
Philip Tytherleigh.....	"The Fightin' Fool"
Mr. Dunn.....	"The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up"
Mr. Stout.....	"Sunshine and Tempest"



Ralph Mead
Circulation



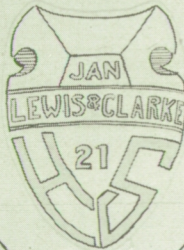
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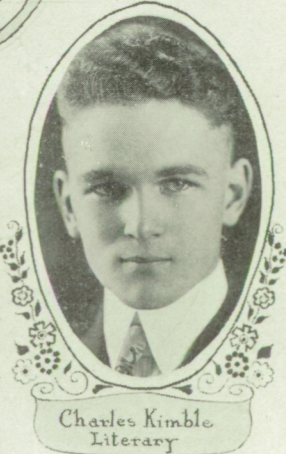
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Literary

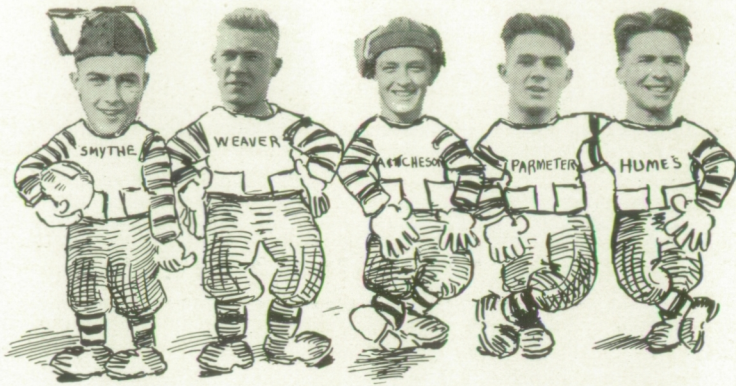
Emily Wilson



The Tiger's Staff

Henry Hart	Editor
Ralph Mead	Circulation
Roy Medby	Advertising
Elizabeth Rush	Humor
Parker McAllister	Art
Clifford Hutsell	Sports
Charles Kimble	Literary

Evelyn Halverson	David Guilbert
Mildred Broderson	Mandell Wein
Roy McCollister	





The Thanksgiving Game



ON THANKSGIVING DAY the two Spokane high schools met in the annual football classic at the fairgrounds and before the largest crowd in the history of Spokane, the Lewis and Clark Tigers were beaten by the Red and Black warriors of the North Side, 16 to 0.

The determined fighting of both sides featured the battle from whistle to the final gun. By holding the plunging North Central backs for seven downs on their one-yard line, the Orange and Black team of 1920 set a record which will long be remembered in the gridiron history of Lewis and Clark. Davis, the individual star of the contest, on the next plunge advanced the ball barely to the goal line.

In a battle where practically every man played a star game, the work of Quarterback Skaaden and Lester State, tackle, for Lewis and Clark, and Davis and Johnson of North Central placed them a little above their fellows.

Lewis and Clark early resorted to an aerial offense and made 146 of her total of 252 yards by that method of attack. She completed eight passes out of thirty-two attempts, while North Central completed five out of twenty-one attempts for a total of 100 yards.

The game was played largely in the middle of the field. Lewis and Clark made two journeys deep into enemy territory, but failed to register a count. North Central gathered a total of 16 points in three trips into her opponent's country.

The first score came late in the second quarter when the North Side quarterback put the ball over after seven unsuccessful attempts. Davis counted again in the third quarter by a beautiful place kick from the 35-yard line. North Central's final tally came in the last few seconds of play when "Brick" Johnson intercepted Skaaden's pass and carried it 25 yards to a touchdown.

The line-up:

Lewis and Clark

North Central

Collard	F.B.	Martin
Tower	L.H.R.	McGrath
Parmeter	R.H.L.	Powers
Skaaden	O.	Davis
Pearson	L.E.R.	Johnson
Smythe	L.T.R.	Chapman
Rickert	L.G.R.	Pratt
State	C.	Henry
Tiffany	R.G.L.	Hatton
Weaver	R.T.L.	Berven
Taylor	R.E.L.	Smith

Substitutions—Lewis and Clark, Grant for Taylor, Taylor for Grant.



MISS LOIS ADELLA DART

Instructor in Dramatic Art, whose delightful personality and skill as a teacher, have won the admiration and affection of the Graduating Class.



The Class Play

The Honorable Geoffrey Myrtleton, a congressman.....	Henry Hart	
Silas Jervis	} The two deacons from Rambletown {	Ralph Mead
Elisha Bassett		David Guilbert
Ensign Jack Meredith, acting under sealed orders.....	Thomas Holm	
Pinkerton Case, an amateur detective.....	Charles Kimble	
Vere Lee, author of the " <i>Fatal Shot</i> ".....	Franklin McClintock	
O'Rourke, a policeman from Erin.....	Arthur Walther	
Betty Vance, Myrtleton's ward.....	Mary Tate	
Polly Reynolds, an amateur actress.....	Mandell Wein	
Mrs. Van Styne, who has dramatic aspirations.....	Evelyn Halverson	
Claire, her daughter, who has not.....	Elizabeth Rush	

THE PLAY, "Bachelor Hall," was a delightful comedy full of action, embarrassing situations and genuine humor.

The scene of the play is the home of Congressman Myrtleton in Washington, and the action is chiefly concerned with the difficulties arising from the production of an amateur play, "*The Fatal Shot*."

Mary Tate as Myrtleton's ward, Betty Vance, made a charming leading lady. By a combination of brains and beauty, she extricates her uncle and her fiance from innumerable awkward situations.

Thomas Holm, in the male lead, was the handsome and ardent suitor, Ensign Jack Meredith. His love scenes with Betty were especially natural and well executed. Acting under sealed orders, he enters the house surreptitiously. After experiencing great difficulty in escaping the suspicion of the occupants, he accomplishes his purpose and in the end secures Mr. Myrtleton's reluctant consent to his engagement with Betty.

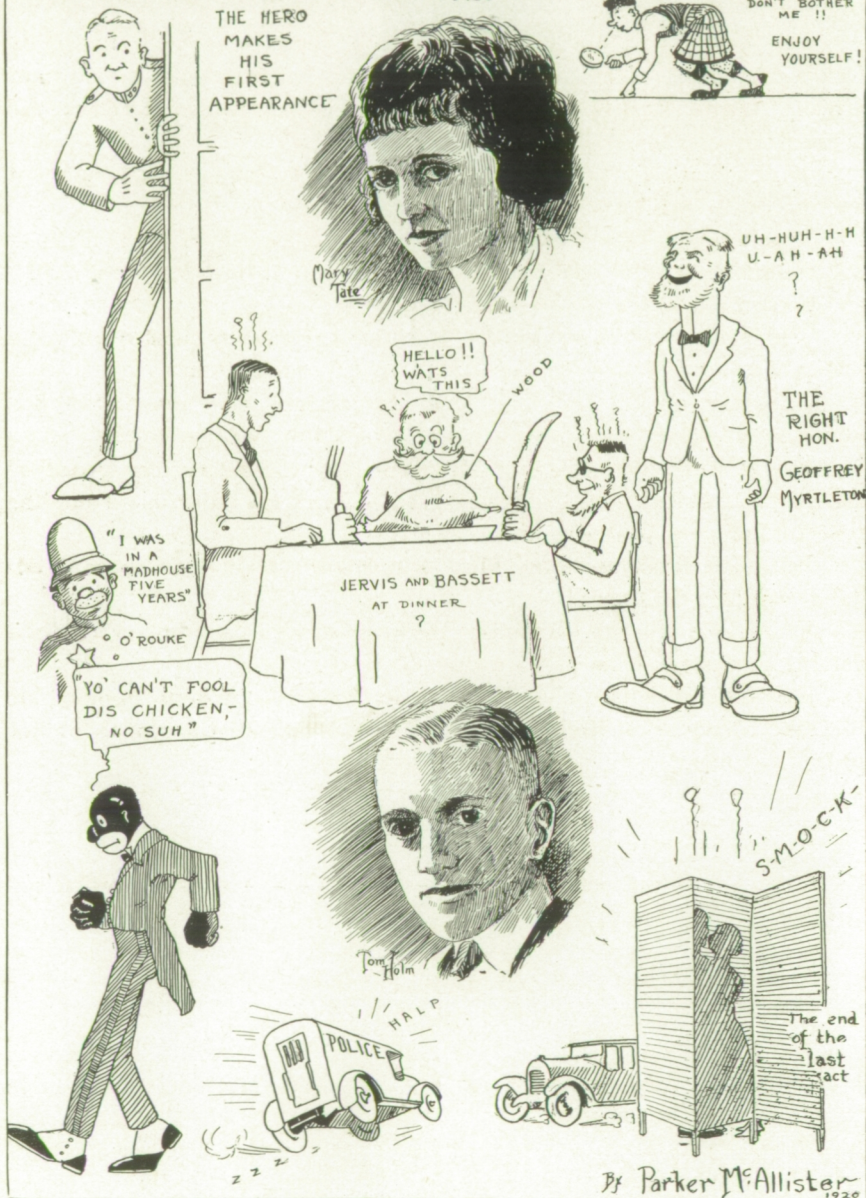
In the two leading character roles, Charles Kimble, as Pinkerton Case, and Roy Medby as Jasper, afforded much amusement. Pinkerton Case, an amateur detective, finding a boot-heel and a few white hairs, connects them with the disappearance of some valuable securities. Rejoicing in the opportunity to exhibit his powers as a detective, he occupies himself in a furious pursuit of the bonds, only to find that he has been carrying them himself throughout the chase. His appearance in kilts "with no garnishing on the drumsticks" was greeted with a roar of laughter. The characterization of the alert and suspicious detective was very cleverly done.

Roy Medby, playing the part of Jasper, the colored butler at Bachelor Hall, successfully imitated the dialect and naturally humorous manner of a negro. His every entrance was the occasion for gales of laughter from the audience.



BACHELOR HALL

~ JAN 1921 ~



By Parker McAllister
1920

JAN. '21



Henry Hart played the part of the jovial but irascible Honorable Geoffrey Myrtleton. The congressman having consented to the use of his house for the presentation of an amateur play, "*The Fatal Shot*," experiences great difficulty in keeping the production a secret. The advent of the deacons, Jervis and Bassett, from Rambletown, whom he knows would be shocked by the knowledge of the performance, further complicates the situation.

The part of the tall positive Deacon Jervis was well played by David Guilbert. Jervis had little difficulty in managing his brother deacon, Elisha Bassett, who was always thoroughly subdued by the overbearing manner of his friend.

The difficult part of Elisha Bassett, meek, lovable, and hard of hearing, was excellently handled by Ralph Mead.

Franklin McClintock, who was substituted for Raymond Duncan at the last minute, played the part of Vere Lee, author of "*The Fatal Shot*," and performed like a professional actor.

The part of Polly Reynolds, an amateur actress who is slightly jealous of Betty Vance, was well taken by Mandell Wein.

The part of O'Rourke, an Irish policeman, with his dialect and humorous remarks, was cleverly played by Arthur Walther.

Evelyn Halverson, playing Mrs. Van Styne, who is very proud of her past theatrical achievements, received constant applause from the time of her very first entrance.

Elizabeth Rush as Clair, Mrs. Van Styne's lisping daughter, creditably completed the cast.

Under Mr. Stout's direction, the orchestra once more achieved a notable success with its performance.

Too much credit cannot be given to Miss Dart for the remarkable success of "*Bachelor Hall*." Its presentation marked the climax of her series of dramatic triumphs at Lewis and Clark.





Ralph Johnson (explaining to Hazel Kellogg how Orpheus descended into the lower regions to get Eurydice, his wife): "You understand the allusion, or course. Orpheus went down into Hades to find out where in hell his wife was."

Art Walther would do well to remember the little ditty:
A foolish chap indeed, and slow,
Is he who must have mistletoe.

Judith Johnson: "Whenever I want to know anything, I go to the library and look it up."

Mildred Law: "Don't they get tired of seeing you there?"

"This gamboling will have to be stopped!" said Clara Larson, the shepherd, as she chased her flock over the hillside.

Ronald Woodke: "I think the world of you."

Gladys McCrea: "The world isn't so very hard to get around nowadays."

Helen McCoy: "What's the reason for the poor haberdashery you've been wearing since Christmas?"

Johnny Nelson: "Family ties, I suppose."

A certain young man from Cotuit
Had some gum and he wanted to
chuit.

To his parents he went
To secure their consent,
And they both answered, "Surely,
gotuit."

Helen Pattee: "Had any Socrates yet?"

Nellie Prescott: "Nope, but I've had a Plato soup."

Each flea believes that he lives
on the most wonderful dog in the
world. That's patriotism.

Jean Thompson had just been
arrested.

Judge: "What's the charge, officer?"

Cop: "Fragrancy, your honor.
She's been drinking perfume."

Marjorie Atkinson: "That coat
is too short for you."

Margaret Westling: "Well, it
will be long enough before I get
another one."

David Guilbert (deprecatingly
playing a card): "I really don't
know what to play. I'm afraid
I've made a fool of myself."

Eva Hanson (reassuringly):
"That's all right. I don't see what
else you could have done."



Lila Woodard: "Get off my feet."

Laurene Smith: "It's too much of a walk."

Jessie Duff: "Young men used to blow out the gas."

Bertha Eaton: "And now?"

Jessie: "They step on it."

Mr. Libby (in Psychology): "What are dreams made of?"

Bright Student: "Paint, powder, padding, and false hair."

Helen Canfield: "I haven't seen you for a month. What have you been doing?"

Harold Yerke: "Thirty days."

Adam stood and watched his wife
Fall from an apple tree,
"Ah ha! At last I've found her
out!

Eavesdropping," muttered he.

Nellie Schelling: "He is singing Mephistophocles."

Bernice Shirley: "I thought so."

Nellie: "Why."

Bernice: "Sounds like the devil."

Ernest Kirkpatrick was sent to take an inventory of the drawing room furniture in a certain house. He was so long about his task that the mistress of the house went to see what was taking place. She found Ernest slumbering sweetly on the sofa with an empty bottle beside him. It was evident, however, that he had made a pathetic, though solitary attempt to do his work, for in the inventory book was written, "One revolving carpet."

First Freshie: "Aw, shut up!"

Second Freshie: "You're the biggest duncé in school."

Mr. Harmeson: "Boys, don't forget I'm here."

"I've just been reading that the aviators today can do anything a bird can do. Yes, sir, they've got the thing down so fine that there isn't a bird alive that has anything on them."

"Zatso? Well, when you see an aviator fast asleep hanging onto a branch of a tree with one foot, then I'll come and take a look."

Why does a fat man always wear a plaid vest?

To keep a check on his stomach, I suppose.

Violet Besse: "What would this world be without women?"

Wong Yew: "A stagnation."



Eleanor O'Shea: "Don says he always keeps me in mind."

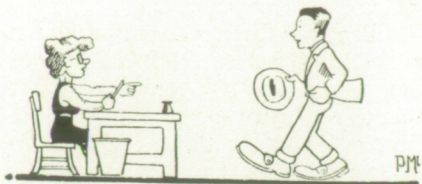
Mary Turner: "Are you used to such cramped quarters?"

They are known as Eve's daughters and they never have anything to wear.

Never go to school after a vacation.

Why not?

You won't find it there.



Why did you break off your engagement with that school teacher?

Every night I didn't show up she wanted a written excuse.

Thelma Carley: "Aren't Victor Johnson's fingers unusually agile for a piano player?"

Kathleen Chambers: "Well, you see, he used to be a yell leader at a deaf and dumb institute."

Tommy very slowly was saying his prayers: "Now I lay me down to sleep," he said. "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

"If," his mother prompted.

"If he hollers, let him go. Eeny, meeny, miny, mo."

The lover can't help showing
The girl he's calling on,
That when he's slow in going
He's positively "gone."

Walter Cedercrans, visiting London for the first time, goaded to desperation by the incessant necessity for tips, finally entered the wash-room of his hotel only to be faced with a large sign which read:

"Please tip the basin after using."

"I'm hanged if I will!" said Walter, turning on his heel. "I'll go dirty first!"

Doctor: "I don't say that all lawyers are crooks, but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted the lawyer, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

"I will be your valentine," said Flip Tytherleigh.

A shadow passed across the fair face of Beulah Hughes.

"I was so in hopes that I wouldn't get any comics this year," she said.

Flip Tytherleigh: "Have you heard about the new label they're going to put on cider bottles?"

Cliff Hutsell: "No—Shoot."

Flip: "I. W. W.—it won't work."

It was at a banquet—

Ralph Mead: "You may believe it or not, but for ten years I rose on the stroke of six, half an hour later was at breakfast, at seven was at work, dined at one, had supper at six, and was in bed at nine-thirty. In all that time I ate the plainest food, and did not have a day's sickness."

The silence that followed was awful, but one guest, Nathan Belcher, finally asked, "Will you permit a question?"

"Certainly," replied Ralph, "what would you like to know?"

"Well," said Nathan, "just out of curiosity, I would like to know what you were in prison for?"

Watch: "Eight bells and all's well."

Mildred Brodersen (feebly): "I guess he hasn't looked on this side of the boat lately, or he'd know better."



On the board was written: "Find the least common multiple."

"Hello!" said the janitor, "is that thing lost again?"



Franklin McClintock has invented a new feeding bottle for infants. Among his directions for using is the following:

"When the baby is done drinking, it should be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under the hydrant. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."



Mr. Lane: "You want to marry my daughter, huh? Ever loved any other girl, been engaged, had any kind of an affair at all with a woman?"

Charlie Kimble: "No, sir."

Mr. Lane: "Then I must refuse. I won't give my daughter to a rank amateur."

Helen McCoy, going out for the day, locked everything up carefully and, for the grocer's benefit, left a card on the back door:

"All out. Don't leave anything."

On her return, she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added:

"Thanks. We haven't left much. Signed, Burr Chandler and Joseph Lamson."

Mrs. Divine, formerly Dorothy Turnbull: "Eugene likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But, I suppose, on the average he doesn't smoke more than once a month."

Kentucky tailor to Franklin Fariss: "What size shall I make your hip pockets, Mr. Fariss, pint or quart?"

Elizabeth Rush was calling down a speaking tube to the janitor of her apartment. Elizabeth, unable to get the information she desired, finally yelled, "Say, is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

The reply came back with startling rapidity, "Not at this end, Miss!"

At dessert, Philip Creasor was asked by Evelyn Halverson if he would not venture on an orange.

"Madam," he replied, "I should be most happy to do so, but I am afraid I should fall off."

Bill McGinnis, a country storekeeper in Louisiana, went down to New Orleans last spring to purchase a stock of goods. The goods were shipped immediately, and reached home before he did. When the boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the drayman, his wife, Esther Mead, happened to look at the largest. She uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing her screams, rushed to her assistance, and asked what was the matter. Esther, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box which read as follows: "*Bill Inside.*"



"I am passionately fond of music; in fact music always carries me away."

She hastened to the piano stool and played several popular airs; then she swung around on the piano stool and said: "You still here? I thought you said music carried you away."



Maybe the man who boasts that he doesn't owe a dollar in the world couldn't if he tried.



Eugenia Thoms: "Why, how cold your nose is!"

These words were spoken by the daughter of the house as she sat in the parlor with her beau.

Mrs. Thoms (from up-stairs): "Is Towser in the parlor again, dear?"

Eugenia: "No, mother, Towser isn't in the parlor!"

And then silence reigned.

Facts every student should know:

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from Mt. Vesuvius.

That in India a man in one cask is not permitted to marry a woman in another cask.

Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.

"Do you miss your husband?"

"Only when he ducks."

M'liss Finnegan: "Hasn't Mr. Henneford got beautiful teeth? They remind me of the stars."

Mr. Kirk: "The stars, why?"

M'liss F.: "Oh, they come out every night."

Tiny Humes: "You can't cheat me! I haven't ridden in taxicabs for the last three years for nothing."

Taxi Driver (who has received his legal fare, but wants more): "Haven't you? Well, you've done your best!"

In one of Mr. Robinson's classes, he gave a test. The following is one of the answers he received. The question was: "Write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential, and the exclamatory moods."

"I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. God help me!"

"That makes a difference," said Johnny Talbot, snipping off the left ear of one of the twins.

George Blakeslee: "The other day I tried to get Mr. Hart to let us have dancing in the schools."

She: "How did you come out?"

George: "On my ear."

One hot summer day, a young man stopped at a florist's to send his lady love a box of flowers. At the same time he also purchased a design for the funeral of a friend. On the card for his girl's box he wrote: "Hoping these may help you bear the heat." The other card bore the one word, "Sympathy."

Very soon the girl telephoned: "Thank you so much for the flowers, but why did you write 'Sympathy' on the card?"

There was no word from the other card.



Molly Graham: "There is something that draws me to Bill Col-lard."

E. Brown: "So I noticed at the dance last night."



Lil Lane: "They are hanging father today."

Eliz. Brown: "How awful!"

Lilian: "In the hall of fame."



Cliff Hutsell: "My love is the kind that lives."

Louise Bullivant: "Yes, but it lives in an apartment house and I want a bungalow!"

Teacher: "To what class of animal kingdom do I belong?"

Tom Holm: "Dunno, teacher. Pa says you're an old hen, an' Ma says you're an old cat."

Miss Seigler: "Dorothy, where is Mexico?"

Dorothy Turnbull: "On page 69, Miss Seigler."

Helen Canfield: "Oh dear, what a lot of people will be happy when I get married."

Ralph Mead: "Why, how many are you marrying?"

Nellie Prescott: "Can you drive with one hand?"

Harold Robinson (excitedly): "Why, yes, certainly."

Nellie Prescott: "Then please pick up my handkerchief from the floor."

Claude Hege: "M-mother, I (hic!) 'sure you I wouldn't been sho late, but footpad stopped me."

Mrs. Hege: "And you were so scared your tongue clove to the roof of your mouth."

Claude: "(Hic!) How'd you know that?"

Mrs. Hege: "I smell the clove."

Adam: "I had a wonderful time at the dance last night. Helen gave me seven numbers."

Eve: "Does she dance well?"

Adam: "I don't know."

Washed With Care.

Mr. Newlove: "This lettuce tastes beastly. Did you wash it?"

Mrs. Newlove: "Of course I did, darling—and I used perfumed soap too!"

Dorothy Turnbull: "Eugene was horribly mangled yesterday."

Helen Kelsey: "How did it happen?"

D. T.: "He had on his new all-wool suit when they put him under the shower, and it shrunk so fast he was crushed before he could get it off!"

Miss Siegler (in history class): "I am sure you will all be very sorry that Henry Hart is not present to take the test with the rest of you. I can not say we miss his vacant chair, but I do say we miss his vacant face."

He was wandering aimlessly around in a department store, when the floorwalker approached him

"Looking for something?" he asked.

"Yes, my wife," replied the man. "Describe her."

"Well, she's a sort of limousine with a heavy tread, and usually runs on low."



Mr. Gale: "What is the matter, Reeve, can't you multiply 85 by 25? I know Hege can."

R. Talbot: "Yes, they say fools multiply rapidly these days."



Grace Hagen: "Owen Gibson has been filing old love letters."

Selma Hilmer: "Are they as rough as that?"



Benevolent Gentleman: "My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful afternoon than by standing in front of the gate idling away your time?"

Boy: "I ain't idling away my time. Eugene Divine's inside with my sister, and he's paying me ten cents an hour to watch for pa."

Mrs. Kimble: "Jane, has Charles come home yet?"

Jane: "I think so. I haven't seen him; but the cat's hiding under the stove."

Lyman Wilson had gone to pay a visit to a friend, Franklin Van Zandt, who lived many miles distant. Franklin met him as he alighted at the station.

"How are you, Lyman?" he asked.

"I'm up against it," was the reply. "I lost the best part of my baggage en route."

"Did you misplace it, or was it stolen?" Franklin inquired solicitously.

"Neither," said Lyman. "The cork came out!"

Keith Enloe: "Only fools are certain, Tommy, wise men hesitate."

Tommy: "Are you sure, papa?"

Keith: "Certain of it, my boy."

Bettie Burton: "So this is Alaska?"

Bored Guide: "Nome."

Marjorie Hutchinson: "Merle, did Moses have dyspepsia?"

Merle Kirk: "How do I know? What makes you ask such a question?"

Marjorie: "Why, my Sunday School teacher says that the Lord gave Moses two tablets."

Russel Crumley: "I heard that you were engaged to a shimmy dancer."

Albert Funk: "I was, but she shook me."

Alfhild Feilberg she came here from Guam,

She said, "Now the sea is so caum I will swim for a lark."

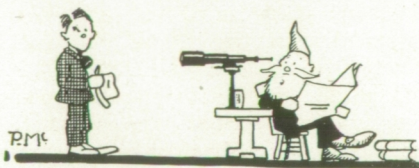
But she met with a shark. We will now sing the 99th psalm.

Esther Koss: "I suppose you wondered why I left you so abruptly in the street. I saw a man, and Oh! how I ran."

Hazel Martin: "Did you get him?"

Thomas Holm was trying to cut up an orange in such a manner as to make it represent a pig. After strewing the table with about a dozen peels, he gave up, saying: "Hang the pig! I can't make him at all!"

"Nonsense, Tom," said Raymond Duncan, "you have done splendidly. Instead of a pig you have made a litter."



Roy Medby: Is this the weather bureau? How about a little shower tonight?

Weather Man: Don't ask me. If you need one, take it!



Edith Mathers: "Did the mustard plaster do any good, Loretta?"

Loretta Miller: "Yes, but, heavens, it certainly did bite my tongue!"



Miss Dart (in public-speaking class): "What's the matter with you, Beverley Wood, can't you speak louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

Doctor (feeling Roy Brown's pulse in bed): "What do you drink?"

Roy: "Oh, I'm not particular, Doctor. Anything you happen to have with you."

It was rumored that Roy Medby had imbibed rather too freely a few nights ago. We did not believe the story until an interested by-stander in the shape of Margaret Connelly related to us the following conversation between Roy and the officer who came to his aid as he wallowed around in the watering trough into which he had fallen:

Officer: "What's the matter?"

Roy: "Offzer (hic), I can shave self. You shave women and children."

"Good evening, Mary. I am glad you came. We are going to have tableaux this evening."

"Yes, I know. I smelt them when I first came in."

The star reporter for *The Tiger*, Mr. I. M. Nosey, reported this to be the exact reproduction of a conversation between Mary Tate and Irene Hachez. We might venture to suggest that Webster's dictionary is good for an ailing vocabulary.

Clifford Hutsell, one morning before church, cut himself with the razor while shaving. The incision occurred on the extreme end of his nose, and, as it was very noticeable, he called to his wife, Louise Bullivant, asking her where the court plaster was. She replied that it was in her sewing basket.

In church, while he was passing the collection plate, he noticed that several people smiled broadly, and not a few laughed outright. Very much annoyed, he asked Oliver Humes if there was anything wrong with his appearance!

"Well, I should say there is," was the answer. "What is that on your nose?"

"Courtplaster."

"Nope! It is a label from a reel of cotton. It says, 'Warranted 200 yards long'."



Cliff Hutsell: "Say, jeweler, why doesn't my watch keep time?"

Jeweler: "The hands won't behave, sir; there's a pretty girl in the case."



Mandy Wein: "How do you like my new dress?"

Tom Holm: "It's ripping."

Mandy Wein: "Oh, Heavens! Quick, call a taxi!"

Mr. H. G. Fry: "One of my teacher said I'd become feeble-minded if I didn't stop smoking."

Bright Senior: "Yes, it's too bad you never stopped."

Bettie Burton: "If ten boys proposed to me, what would it be?"

Mildred Broderson: "I give up."

Bettie Burton: "Why, it would be a tenor."

Mildred Broderson: "I think if one should propose to you it would be a wonder."

Tramp: "Sir, I'm looking for a little succor."

Buck Weaver: "Well, do I look like one?"

Nellie Schelling: "They say people of brains live long."

Raymond Duncan: "Well, hope for the best. You may prove one of the exceptions."

Sid Ackerman: "What is a dry-dock, Sid?"

Sid Blue: "A thirsty physician."

Figure This Out for Yourself

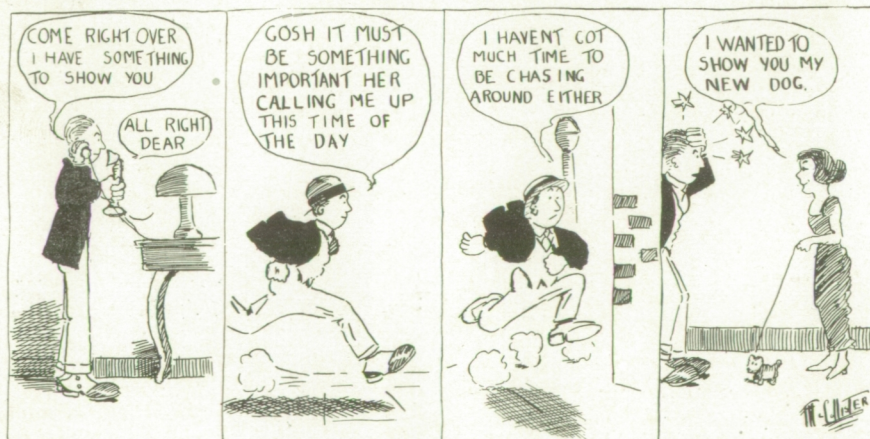
Mars Davis went into the Palm yesterday, and asked for a glass of lemonade. When it was given him, he took it, looked at it, and said he would have a root beer instead. The root beer was given him; he drank it, and was walking out of the shop when the clerk called, "Hey, there, you haven't paid for your root beer!" "No," said Mars, "I gave you back the lemonade for that." "But," said the clerk, "you didn't pay for the lemonade!" "I didn't drink it," said Mars, and he walked out of the store, leaving the confectioner calculating.

Addressing a political gathering the other day, a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic. "I miss," said he, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."

Consider the ways of the little cucumber which never does its best fighting till it's down.

Would you mind telling me how hash is made?

Hash is never made; it is accumulated.





"My hair is falling out," admitted Lilian Lane at the drug store. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging clerk, "Here is a nice cardboard box."

A boy, a book,
A girl, a look;
Books, neglected;
Flunk expected.

This is the choicest bit of sarcasm we have ever seen. It was taken from a book written by an Indiana woman:

"Reginald was bewitched! Never had the Baroness seemed to him so beautiful as at this moment, when, in her dumb grief, she hid her face."

"Boohoo! Boohoo!" wailed Don Warner.

"Why, what's the matter Donald?" his mother asked comfortingly.

"Boohoo-er-p-picture fell on papa's toes."

"Well, that's too bad," said his mother, "but you mustn't cry about it, you know."

"Boohoo! I didn't. I l-laughed. Boohoo!"

Mrs. Finnegan: "Put plenty of nuts on the cake."

M'liss F.: "I'll crack no more nuts today, me jaw hurts me already."

Ross Garrett was asked in English class to give an oral theme extemporaneously.

"Upon what subject?" asked Ross.

"The king of England," replied Mr. Harmeson.

"Why, Mr. Harmeson," said Ross, "The king of England is no subject."

Stanley Powers: "I love you; I love you. Won't you be my wife?"

Gloria Hope: "You must see papa first."

Stanley P.: "I've seen him several times, but I love you just the same."



The minister at a funeral became quite confused, and nearly caused a riot when he exclaimed: "We will now pass around the bier."

Here are some answers to test questions. After reading them we can't blame anybody who says the younger generation is nuts:

"About this time Columbus was cursing around the West Indies."

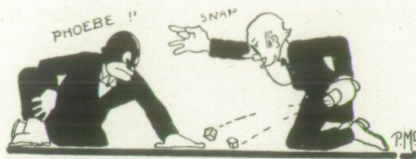
"Jackson's campaign in the Valley was the greatest piece of millinery work ever known."

"The eldest son of the king of France is called The Dolphin."

"The Duke of Clarence, according to his usual custom, was killed in battle."

"Heathens are paragons (pagans) that wash up idle things."

"The Indians call their women squabs."



How do you know that he is an osteopath?

I heard him say that he makes his money rolling the bones.

Phantom Ships.

"Her cheeks," he said, "are roses red

Upon a fragrant field.
Her ruby lips are magic ships
That precious treasure yield."

But when to kiss the little miss
The blockhead took a notion,
Her cheeks and lips were painted ships

Upon a painted ocean.

MORAL:

He kissed her anyway.

"Gracious, Elsie!" exclaimed the girl's mother. "Why are you shouting in that horrible fashion? Why can't you be quiet like Willie?"

"He's got to be quiet, the way we're playing," replied Elsie. "He's papa coming home late and I'm you."

A woman with little wit sat at a public meeting between a bishop and a rabbi.

She thought she would be clever, and said to the rabbi: "I feel as if I were a leaf between the Old and New Testaments."

"Yes, madame," said the rabbi, "that page is usually blank."

Wifey: "I heard a noise when you came in last night."

Hubby: "Perhaps it was the night falling."

Wifey: "No, it wasn't; it was the day breaking."

Bridget left Ireland with an excellent letter of recommendation from her last mistress, but on the way over the letter fell into the sea and was lost. Not knowing how to find work without recommendation she applied to a friend to write one for her and he gave her the following:

To the General Public:

Bridget Flaherty had a good reputation when she left Ireland, but lost it on the way over.

Lodging House Porter: "If he kicked you, why didn't you kick him back?"

Six-penny Bed: "Wat! Then it would 'ave been his turn again!"

Betty Wilcox (in astronomy class): "This telescope reminds me of some men."

"Why?"

B. W.: "Because you can draw them out, see through them, and shut them up."

Mr. D'Urbal: "Why does a man's hair turn gray sooner than his mustache?"

Katharine Talbot: "Because it is about twenty-one years older."

Burr Chandler: "Why can negroes be safely trusted with a secret?"

Roy Medby: "Because they are sure to keep dark."



Mr. Teakle: "Someone give me a good example of a monopoly and its evils."

Voice: "The high school cafeteria."



It was a busy day in the butcher shop. The butcher yelled to Paul Tobie, who helped him out in the shop:

"Hurry up, Paul, and don't forget to cut off Miss Bernice Uren's leg, and break Miss Holly White's bones, and don't forget to slice Miss Bessie Wolcott's tongue."



Perfectly Normal.

A journalist visited an insane asylum and was shown over the institution by one of the inmates, who was so intelligent it was impossible to believe him out of his head.

"And what are you here for," asked the journalist.

Immediately a cunning look came into the man's eyes and he looked about him warily.

"I'll tell you if you keep it dark," he said. "I have a mania for swearing. I write cuss-words all around. It's great sport. Why, they have to hire a man to follow me around and rub 'em out." Coming a little closer: "I'll tell you a little secret. I'm four 'damns' ahead of him and I've got 'hell' written all over your back!"

Wally Rothrock: "We had the worst wreck on our train."

Don Toevs: "That's nothing, we had two on ours and both of them sat next to me."

Florence Brown: "I'm so glad you've come. We're going to have a young married couple for dinner."

Mildred Hunt: "I'm glad, too. They ought to be tender."

Mr. Henneford: "What did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden?"

Lois T.: "What?"

Mr. H.: "His foot."

Harold Robinson: Who first introduced salt meat into the navy?

His friend: Who?

Harold Robinson: Noah, when he took Ham into the ark.

In the cemetery is a stone, erected by Bessie Hunter to her loving husband:

"Rest in peace—until we meet again."

Hippo Queen: "Why the weeps, sister; did that guy throw you down?"

Her Buddy: "Naw; he wouldn't pick me up."

Louise Fluhrer and Mandell Wein were on their way home from church. It had been Mandell's first experience in the house of the Lord.

Mandell: "How much did you get?"

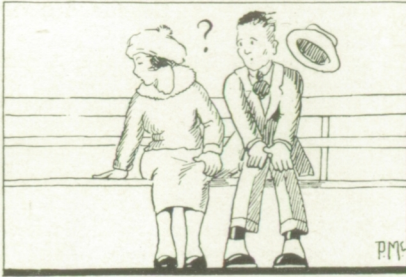
Louise (astonished at such evident irreverence): "How much did I get? What do you mean? How much what?"

Mandell: "Why, don't you remember when that funny old man passed the money around? I only got ten cents."



Doctor (after careful examination): "Some foreign substance is lodged in your eye."

Flip Tytherleigh: "I knew it! That's what I get for working with those Dagoes!"



Charley Kimble (at the football game, pointing to a certain player): "See that man? Well, in a little while he will be our best man."

Lil Lane: "Oh, Charley, this is so sudden!"

The Snake: "Got your traveling clothes ready?"

Eve: "Indeed I have. Adam gave me the sweetest going-away gown you ever saw. It's made of leaves of absence."

Ross Garrett: "You know, I could die dancing with you."

Barbara Posson: "If it wasn't for the publicity, I wish you would."

Flip Tytherleigh: "Molly, if I'd known this tunnel was so long, I'd have given you a hug and a kiss."

Molly Graham: "Didn't you! Why—Why—"

Elizabeth Rush (handing Henry Hart some jokes for the Tiger): "These are the children of my brain."

Henry (looking them over): "Yes, but such a large number of them are adopted children."

The Passer-by: "You took a great risk in rescuing that boy. You deserve a medal. What prompted you to do it?"

Sterling Winans: "He had my skates on!"

Mildred Broderson: "We had a fine sunrise this morning. Did you see it?"

Morris Blume: "Sunrise? Why, I'm always in bed before sunrise!"

Minister (in motor car traveling at seventy per): "I hope the Lord is with us."

Friend: "If he is, he's going to beat the devil."

"Is it customary to tip the waiter in this restaurant?"

Waiter: "Why, ah—yes sir."

"Then hand me a tip. I've waited three-quarters of an hour for that steak I ordered."

"Papa," said Dave, "you're growing handsomer every day."

"Yes, Dave," said Papa Guilbert, "it's a way I have just before your birthday."

"That was the spirit of your uncle that made the table stand, turn over, and do such queer stunts."

"I'm not surprised," said Bill Kelly, "he never did have good table manners."

Ray Duncan: "Do you know, I just want a little place in the country."

Mary Tate: "Isn't that funny; that's just what I want."

Gene Parmeter (drunk): "Shay, do you know Bill Taylor?"

Fred Grant (ditto): "What's his name?"

G. P.: "Who?"

When a man's wife comes in and sees him, razor in hand, and with his face all lather, and asks him, "Are you shaving, dear?" how natural it is for him to answer, "No, honey, I'm just blacking the stove."



Griffin Ransom: "Isn't that great! We have a man on every base."

Evelyn Haring: "What's the difference? so have they."



He came to L. C.; joined the eleven;

Played one game; went to Heaven.

Herman Miller: "Surveying a little?"

Engineer: "No, surveying a lot."

Olga Plymn: "I don't like to ride with you. You drive too recklessly."

Oliver Humes: "Yes, we've had some tight squeezes, haven't we?"

Adaptable.

Yes
Nature
Is certainly
Wonderful.
Did
You ever
See
A pair
Of lips
That wouldn't
Fit?

In the sweet silence, they were spooning upon the beach.

"Dearest," she murmured tremblingly, "now that we are married, I have a secret to tell you."

"What is it, sweetheart?" he asked softly.

"Can you ever forgive me for deceiving you?" she sobbed. "My—my left eye is made of glass."

"Never mind, love," he whispered gently, "so are the diamonds in your engagement ring."

Betty Lackore: "What kind of phonograph is that?"

Good Looking Clerk: "That's a Belvedere!"

Betty (coldly): "What is the price of the Belva?"

Don Toevs: "A man told me I looked like you."

Earl Matchett: "Where is he? I'd like to punch him."

Don: "I killed him."

Lois Toevs got on the street car one day and sat down with her pet Pomeranian in her lap.

Don Warner, sitting opposite her, got interested and began staring at the animal.

"Rubber!" said Lois.

"So?" replied Don, "I thought it was real."

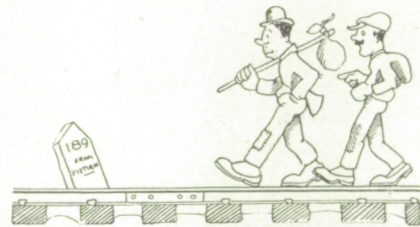
Mars Davis: Just happened to run into an old friend down town.

Claude Hege: Was he glad to see you?

Mars: You bet not. I smashed his right fender.

Rollan Curren: "I hadn't been talking to Mr. Hart ten minutes before he called me a fool."

Clara Jean McEachran: "It took him that long to find it out, did it?"



Pat (passing a mile post): "Tread easy, Mike, we are passing over ground where the dead lie. Here's a man 189 years old and his name of 'Miles from Pittsburgh'."



Alberta Quinn: "Why is Harold Robinson growing a beard?"

Harold Mincks: "Why, I believe Justin Rogers made him a present of some ties."



Mr. Dunn: "Which is the most difficult lock to pick?"

Freshie: "One from a bald head."

Loie Howard: "Why is *The Journal* like a delicate child?"

Mr. Kirk: "Because it appears weekly."

Edwin Aitchison was toastmaster at a banquet and he made an awful break. He remarked to his host, George Rickert:

"Would you like to propose your toast now, Jumbo, or should we let 'em enjoy themselves a little longer?"

And They Turned the Hose on Him

The church was doomed. Great tongues of fire
Fanned by the north wind's fiendish ire

From the door and windows broke.

And, as he watched the curling wreathes

Mount to the sky from spire and eaves,

He murmured: "Holy Smoke!"

"Vivie" Lidholm: "We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Fannie" Armstrong (tartly): "Hours, I should say."

"Vivie" L.: "Ours? Oh, Francis, this is so sudden!"

Pipe this—

There's nothing worse
Than free verse,

It tires me, tires me,
Never inspires me.

Meter's jerky and demented,
Indented

Like a waffle.

Ideas crammed,
Jammed.

I'll be damned—
It's awful.

Elizabeth Rush: "Would you really put yourself out for my sake?"

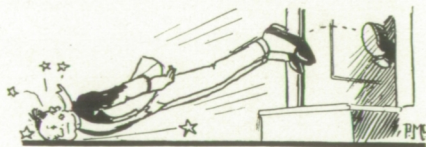
Franklin McClintock: "Yes, of course I would."

Elizabeth Rush: "Then please do it. I'm sleepy."

Young William had been sadly misbehaving and his mother took him upon her knee for a serious talk.

"Willie," she said, sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gee!" said Willie, "you must have been a terror. Look at grandpa!"



Miss Dean: "Decline boy in Latin."

Bright Boy: "Boyabus

Kissabus

Sweetest Girlorum

Girlabus

Likabus

Wanta someorum

Fatherabus

Herabus

Kissing someorum

Kickabus

Boyabus

Out of doorum."



Mildred Brodersen: "Hello, Morris, did you see the sunrise this morning?"

Morris Blume: "See the sunrise? Oh, I was in bed before sunrise."

—
Lies slumbering here
One William Blake;
He heard the bell,
But had no brake.
At fifty miles
Drove Ollie Pidd;
He thought he wouldn't skid,
But did.

—
Frank Martin: After you, my dear Alphonse.

Frances McClintock: Never, I'll follow.

Frank Martin: But I entreat you.

Frank McClintock: Under no circumstance.

Frank Martin: So you've got a hole in your sock, too, eh?

—
Malcolm Hutchinson: "This franc piece I got in Paris."

Marjorie: Hutchinson: "I wish, Malcolm, you had brought home one of those Latin quarters they talk so much about."

—
I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?
Yes, I don't.

—
"Man wants but little here below," remarked the new arrival in Hades, as he hurriedly removed his overcoat.

Upon the beach she held my hand,
I let my soul-felt pleadings flow.
I coaxed, I begged, I swore,
But the darn crab would not let go.

—
My parents taught me not to smoke;

I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke;

I don't.

They made it clear I must not wink

At pretty girls; or even think
About intoxicating drink;

I don't.

To smoke and drink is very wrong;
I don't.

Wild youths chase women, wine,
and song;

I don't.

I kiss no girls—not even one—

I do not know how it is done.

You would not think I'd have
much fun—

I don't.

—
"Say, Rastus, what's your 'pinion o' ole John D.'s money? Am it tainted or not?"

"Yaas, it am tainted in two ways."

"How's that, tainted in two ways?"

"Yaas, tainted in two ways, because 'tain't mine an' 'tain't yours."

—
Mr. Missinformer: If a bachelor is single without a wife, when's he's married does he lead a double life?

—
Wallace Rothrock: "Tiny Humes is a wonderful singer, isn't he?"

B.: "Think so?"

Wally: "Well, he ought to be! Look at the cords in his neck."



Harold Robinson: "Do you suppose you can cut my hair without making me look like an idiot?"

Barber (diffidently): "It will be a pretty difficult thing to do, but I'll try it."

Mr. Henneford's Motto

Give me wine, women, and song;
especially the last three.

*Ad Put in by Charles Cooley's
Parents.*

WANTED—A governess who is a good stenographer to take down the bright sayings of our child.

Miss Mullon: "When was the revival of learning?"

Nathan Belcher: "The day before examinations."

Morris Blume: "Why wern't you out at track yesterday instead of going to see Louise?"

Cliff Hutsell: "Oh, a miss is as good as a mile any day."

The Census-Taker: "How many Portuguese are there in this family?"

Landlady: "Six. A Portuogoose, a Portugander, and four Portugoslings."

Raymond Duncan: "Why do those two girls both hate you so?"

Tom Holm: "I once innocently remarked that they looked alike."

Mr. Reiter: "You can't sit up with Wilma after 11:00 o'clock."

Lloyd ———: "Would you mind telling her so, sir? I've been trying to get away early for the last six months."

Mr. D'Urbal: "Mr. Medby is asleep. Will someone please tap him on the head?"

Joseph Lamson: "Dont. It would flood the room."

Mr. Orcutt: "What effect does the moon have on the tide?"

Mr. Middleton: "None. It affects only the untied."

Wouldn't she be popular if she had—

Lois Toevs' eyes;
Marian Marchant's voice;
Loie Howard's hair;
Celeste Pope's dimples;
Lilian Lane's hands;
Betty Lackore's feet;
Louise Bullivant's complexion;
Mary Elizabeth Turner's musical talent;
Kate Talbot's physique;
Lillian Stillson's dancing ability;
Margaret Haring's mixing ability;
How's the above for an ideal?

Have you ever seen the faded green hue on the floor in the front of Mr. Hart's office? A freshie skidded there once coming out of the auditorium.

Freshie: "Are you still taking history?"

Tytherleigh: "No. I finished that last year."

Freshie: "Oh, yes. And what was that other thing you passed in?"

Claude Conley: "There's a piece of wood in this sandwich."

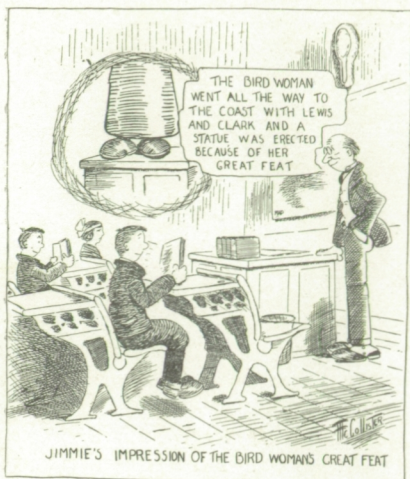
Jim Cameron: "What of that?"

Claude C.: "Well, I don't mind eating the dog, but I'll be hanged if I'll eat the kennel too."



Miss Dean: "Translate '*Haec in Gallia est importantus*'."

Ralph McGovern: "Hike into Gaul. It's important."



Judge (in police court): "Have you ever been up before me?"

Franklin McClintock: "I don't know. What time do you get up?"

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore
Could say when he had told a joke,
"I've heard that one before."

She (upon leaving restaurant):
"That waiter seems terribly tired."
He: "I'm pretty well spent myself."

He: "What sort of a place did you go to last summer?"
She: "Well, one hair net lasted me two weeks."

"Where's Walker?"
"Last time I saw Johnny he was in the jug."

Skin: "Have a ciragette, pal?"
Flip: "No, thank you."
Skin: "Guess I'll have to throw this snipe away, then."

Gee, I feel blue today. Let's jump off the Monroe street bridge.
I would, dearest, but the water is so hard.

Ted Collard: "So Nelson is dead. What killed him?"

Molly Graham: "You know he had one foot in the grave?"

Ted: "Yes."

Molly: "Well, someone pulled his leg."

Mrs. Brodersen: "Did you struggle when he tried to kiss you?"

Mildred: "Why, mama, you ought to be able to tell from his appearance that he isn't very strong."

Mr. Stout: Mr. Tiffany, you may sing this song in the key of C.

Ross: I can't, sir; I'm sea-sick.

I asked her if she rolled them;
She said she'd never tried.
Just then a mouse ran swiftly by,
And now I know she lied.

Happens Only Once in a Lifetime.

"I drove an old lady through town the other day without receiving a single suggestion as to how to operate the car."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, I'm driving a hearse now."

"Hear about the terrible accident in the street car the other day?"

"What happened?"

"A lady had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

George Rickert: "May I tell you the old, old story?"

She looked down, blushed, and nodded her assent.

So he told her for the twenty-seventh time how his father ate oysters.

Rollin Curran: "I rode twenty-five miles an hour last summer on my dad's horse."

Bill Kelly: "That's nothing. I chased Caesar clear across Europe in one night on my own pony."



A gentleman riding with an Irishman came within sight of an old gallows and to display his wit, said: "Pat, do you see that?"

"To be sure I do," replied Pat.

"And where would you be today if the gallows had its dues?"

"Oi'd be riding alone," responded Pat.

Conductor: "This transfer expired long ago."

Fred Grant: "No wonder! All the ventilators are closed."

Lyman Wilson: "This is some meal. You'll have to tip the waiter."

Ronald Woodke: "Aw, gwan. Put your own foot out."

Mr. McMacken (in geology class): "Eugene, give me the name of the largest diamond known."

"Perimeter": "The ace."

As His Neighbors See Him.

If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest.

If he needs credit, he can't get it.

A little while ago Bill Collard told M'liss Finnegan that if she didn't marry him, he'd get a rope and hang himself right in front of her house.

"Oh, please, don't do that, dear," said M'liss. "I know father doesn't want you hanging around here."

Johnny missed two words in spelling. The words were "hair" and "swear." The teacher told him to go to the board and write "hair" five times and "swear" five times.

Mr. Beddall: Did you ever notice that many of our worst criminals today are mere children?"

Lila Woodward: "It's always been so. The greatest pirate the world has ever known was a Kidd."

Mr. Ostness: "There seems to be a strange affinity between a colored man and a chicken."

Mr. Libby: "Naturally, one is descended from Ham and the other from eggs."

Mr. Kirk, as they were hurrying him off to the hospital with appendicitis: "At last I have a chance for an opening."

Sunday School Teacher: "Now, Johnny, can you tell me one of the most remarkable things that Moses ever did?"

Johnny Talbot: "Yes, ma'am, he broke all the commandments at the same time."

The minister had just said grace when Selma Hilmer, who sat next to him, looked up and said: "That's not the kind of grace my father says."

"No?" sweetly said the minister. "What kind of grace does your father say?"

"Why," said Selma, "last night when he came home he just sat down and said, 'Good God, what a meal!'"

Ruth Sarginson: "Help! police! murder! He tried to flirt with me!"

Cop: "Calm yourself, lady. There's plenty more."



Miss Crook (telling a story):
"Well, the evening wore on——"

"Wore?" interrupted Mr. Oke, facetiously. "What did it wear?"

"Well," said Miss Crook, equal to the occasion. "You see, it was the close of a summer day."

Mr. Endslow: "We have not found a scrap of wire in Egypt. Therefore we know the Egyptians understood wireless telegraphy."

Don Weir, having overheard a conversation between two of the officers of his battleship to the effect that there was to be a battle the following day, prayed that night as follows:

"Oh, Lord, shield me from the shells and other projectiles of the enemy, but if any shells or solid shot do happen to hit our vessel, may they be distributed as prize money is distributed — among the officers."

The things I should remember
Are the things I forget,
And the things I have forgotten
Always cause me vain regret.
And by forgetting to remember
And remembering to forget,
I hope that there will come a time
When I'll be happy yet.

"She wanted me to kiss her on either cheek."

"And you——?"

"Hesitated a long time between them."

Wilbur Weber: "I'd like to buy a Sunday hat."

Clerk: "A Sunday hat?"

W. W.: "Yes, to wear on my weak end."

"What's the matter?"

"Stumbled on the piano."

"Get hurt?"

"No, I fell on the soft pedal."

Miss Stout, unable to find her umbrella the other night when it was time to close up the library, returned and looked anxiously for it in the card index under the letter "U."

Buck: "Did Molly's father invite you to call again?"

Bill: "No. He dared me to."

She stood beneath the mistletoe,
His buddy's pretty sister.
He forward leaned — and stubbed his toe,

And, holy smoke, he missed her.

Mr. Endslow: "Well, how were your examinations?"

Mr. Clukey: "A complete success. Everybody flunked."

Observant Kiddy: "Oh, look, mama, there is a man sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel."

"If you don't close your mouth, I'll shove it around on the back of your neck."

"If you do, I'll talk back to you."

When a girl is sixteen, she is good-looking.

When she is twenty-five, she has wrinkles.

When she is thirty, she has gray hair.

When she is thirty-five, she turns into a blond and starts all over again.



Country Druggist: "Keerful, keerful, we keep our chickens behind that there sody fountain."

City Feller: "I see. Sort of a fountain pen."



"How much are those apples?"
"Two bits a peck."
"What do you think I am, a bird?"

Lois Toevs says that she knows why Mary Turner is afraid of lightning. She is so attractive.

"Do you think Mr. Hart has an ear for music?"

"Well, from what I hear, he has a drum in each ear and a mouth organ."

They had scrambled through the first dance on the program, and he was leading her back to a seat.

Rollin Curran: "I could die dancing, couldn't you?"

Betty Lackore: "No, there are pleasanter ways than being trampled to death."

Mrs. O'Shea (as Eleanor enters the house): "Why, my dear, you look like you had been kissed by a cooling breeze from Nature's bounty."

Eleanor O'Shea (still blushing): "Oh, no, mother, just by a soft heir from Gonzaga."

Mr. Henneford (at class meeting): "What's the matter back there?"

Franklin McClintock: "Miss Rush is trying to make a motion but her skirt is too tight."

Frosh: "What time does school start in the morning?"

Teacher: "8:30 sharp."

Frosh: "All right. If I'm not there don't wait for me."

Miss Collins: "Ted, name one of Shakespeare's tragedies."

Eleanor O'Shea (whispering): "Macbeth."

Ted Ecklow (hard of hearing): "Mutt and Jeff."

First Man: "Hello, Bill, how do you feel today?"

Second Man: "Hello, Sid, just like a fireplace."

F. M.: "What do you mean?"

S. M.: "Great. How do you feel today?"

F. M.: "Like a nutmeg."

S. M.: "What do you mean?"

F. M.: "Greater."

Miss Mullon: "Stop making such a noise back there?"

Dave Guilbert: "Oh, I wasn't doing any."

"What sent poor Archibald to the insane asylum?"

"A train of thought passed through his brain and wrecked it."

Freshie (dancing): "I could waltz to Heaven with you."

Senior: "Could you reverse?"

Mary Tate: "Just think what would follow if all we girls left school."

Ray Duncan: "We would."

Retribution, by Golly!

A Freshman was wrecked on an African coast,

Where a cannibal king held sway.
And they served that Freshman on slices of toast

On the eve of that very same day.
But the vengeance of Heaven followed swift,

For ere the morn was seen,
By cholera the tribe was attacked,
For the Freshman was terribly green.

Water is wet,
Sparkling is the dew;
Life is dull,
And so are you.

Don't be discouraged when you see the tide going out. It always comes back.



It was the morning after. Martha had been to a dance of which Mrs. Putnam did not approve.

"Good morning, child of the devil," she said.

Quickly the child replied: "Oh, good morning, mother!"

Consider the Source.

"Isn't it strange how music intoxicates you?"

"Not at all. It is written in bars, isn't it?"

Wanted: Six prize fighters to lick postage stamps.

Why is an automobile like a woman?

Because a man has got to get a license to run it.

"George Chew drew a pig that was so natural that it bit him."

"That's nothing. Rush Hufford drew a scarecrow so natural that the crows brought back the corn."

"Here's where I lose a little ground," said Oliver Humes as he stepped into the bathtub.

"Why is Mary Tate so angry with Angvire?"

"She found a label on the back of her picture saying, 'The original of this photograph is carefully preserved'."

"You don't get along well with your mother-in-law, I hear," said a friend to Mr. Harmeson.

"No, I don't," said Mr. Harmeson. "Nobody can. Even the food she eats doesn't agree with her. When she comes into the room, everybody shuts up. The other day she got into a folding bed and the bed shut up."

A Naughtycal Rhyme.

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept as the ship lay at anchor.

She awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Pull up the top sheet and spank 'er."

So Say We All.

Though they affirm
A deadly germ
Lies in the sweetest kiss,
Let's hope the day
Is far away
Of antiseptic bliss.
To sterilize
A lady's sighs,
Would simply be outrageous.
I'd much prefer
To humor her
And let her be contagious.

Miss West: "Where was the idea originated that the people of London are stupid?"

Bright Student: "Look in any geography, and it will tell you that the population of London is dense."

"I ate some ox-tail soup, and feel bully."

"That's nothing. I ate some hash and feel like everything."

Ray Skaaden: "I want to ask a question about a tragedy."

Miss Collins: "Yes?"

Ray Skaaden: "What is my grade?"

Underneath these very stones
Lies the body of Joe Jones.
His name was Myers, we made it
Jones,
Because it had to rhyme with
stones.

Dear Mrs. Gundlach:

Please excuse Wally's tardiness.
He fell in a snowbank. By doing
the same you will oblige.

F. M. Rothrock.

Bernice Woods: "Women's
minds are much cleaner than
men's."

Sid Ackermann: "They ought
to be; they change them so much
oftener."

Mr. Dunn: "Why can't a man's
nose be longer than eleven inches?"

Mr. Hart: "If it were twelve
inches it would be a foot."

We heard a good joke the other
day on a certain Hillyard newspa-
per man, who was an innocent
party to the affair, consequently
there can be no harm in giving it to
our readers. The said newspaper
man was sitting in his office alone,
smoking, when he had occasion to
use a telephone. He arose, laid the
cigar on a chair, and took down the
receiver. Just as he lifted the re-
ceiver, a friend stepped into the
office, and started to sit down in
the chair, not realizing that the
operator could hear what he was
saying, and just as she was about
to say "Number, please," in her
sweetest tones, the newspaper man
yelled, "Look out there, you'll burn
your pants." Communication be-
tween him and central was at once
shut off and about half an hour
later the manager called up and de-
manded an explanation. The ex-
planation was satisfactory to the
manager, but central refused to be
comforted.

What Is the Secret of Success?

"Push," said the button.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Keep cool," said the ice.

"Be up to date," said the calen-
dar.

"Make light of everything," said
the fire.

"Do a driving business," said the
hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said
the nutmeg.

"Forge ahead," said the black-
smith shop.

"Stick to it," said the glue.

A ship without a rudder,
An oyster without a pearl,
But the funniest thing I've seen
Was Mori without a girl.

Wanted: Someone to classify the
rats in my belfry.

"Don't you think her voice ought
to be cultivated?"

"No. I think it should be har-
vested."

Visitor (boldly): "Oh, yes. I'm
his sister."

Matron: "Dear me! I'm very
glad to meet you. I'm his mother."





Prison Report

THE CONVICTS of January, 1921, who, having passed through sentences varying from four to six years, and being mentally disconnected and totally unfit for further service, are about to ascend to the gallows, do solemnly make their last will and testament, as follows:

Item I.—To Mr. Hart we leave one ultra-rapid camera, that he may more readily obtain pictures of the so-called "Idlers' Club."

Item II.—To the Senior B's we will and bequeath the following:

First—With much regret we leave Mr. Henneford, our worthy class director, with the understanding that you will all love, cherish and obey him as we have done.

Second—To the Senior B girls, we leave our faithful girls' director, Miss Tewinkle. Girls! see that the boys of your class treat her fairly, as she is still young and unsophisticated.

Item III.—To the incoming classes who may be so fortunate in their allotment, we affectionately entrust Miss Dart, our class play director.

Item IV.—To the school at large we leave \$300 in cafeteria slugs to be used hereafter in pay telephones.

Item V.—After hearing remarks about the resemblance of Mr. Dunn's head to a billiard ball, we hereby leave a billiard cue that the game may be completed.

Item VI.—The Arrow Collar Company, having advertised for a good-looking, able-bodied young man to appear in their advertisements, we recommend "Kewp" McClintock. We wish to add that he is good-looking and able-bodied but his "*knees won't hold up.*"

Item VII.—To the Vogue, we leave Mildred Broderon and Florence Brown as models of the modern high school girl.

Item VIII.—To Mr. Libby we leave a one year's subscription to Life, that he may have new jokes for the next 20 years.

Item IX.—Now that Charlie is gone we leave Lillian a bigger and better field from which to pick her next victim. If you are so unlucky as to be the next unfortunate, do not flatter yourself. You will only be "*one of the 57.*"

Item X.—To Mr. Gale we leave "Mandy" Wein, the rattle-box of the Senior A class. We will this in order that you may obtain a couple more hours of needed sleep in the wee small hours of the morning.

Item XI.—To "Fat" Tiffany, Henry Hart bequeaths his famed red silk tights. Henry wishes that you would be very careful of these as he may need to use them at some future date.

Item XII.—"Flip" Tytherleigh leaves to Freddie Grant his pugilistic accomplishments. We hope, "Pugs," that this schooling will enable you



to learn the manly art from the friendly point of view. If you do as "Flip" instructs you it will spare you from any further accidents of similar nature to that of Armistice night.

Item XIII.—"Skin" Hutsell leaves to Wilbur Weber his "Famed Football Career." Remember, Wilbur, all athletes have their good points and "Skin" is some athlete.

Item XIV.—The most important little fellow of the class leaves his social standing to Dick Gordon. In order that Dick may keep up this valueless reputation, "Strut" bequeaths the following:

First—His bank account with a credit of 12 cents at the Holy Rollers' National Bank.

Second—His absolutely faultless methods of fussing, including the right to take girls auto riding the seventh period.

Item XV.—We leave the following advice:

First—Don't dance cheek to cheek at the Prom. Ask Don and Eleanor for details.

Second—During all evening sessions in *The Journal* office it would be advisable to pull down the shades.

Third—Don't try to get fat at the cafeteria. "Skin" Hutsell eats there.

Fourth—Girls! Don't enroll in Newswriting II, unless you have taken pains to smile at Mr. Kirk.

Fifth—Remember this is an institution of learning and not an athletic club.

Sixth—Freshmen! Do not sell your honor for a peanut bar.

Item XVI.—Violet Besse leaves the following notice: "My ring will be on exhibition at my locker between the hours of 2:00 and 3:00 p. m., admission 10 pins. Come early and avoid the rush."

Item XVII.—"Wop" Mead and Helen Canfield, the Shetland Pony couple, leave to "Buck" Weaver and M'Liss Finnegan their three years' high school courtship. Buck! be careful or it may be a horse on you.

Item XVIII.—Tom Holm leaves to Bill Collard his "rep" among the girls as the Lewis and Clark dance hound. We are sorry we can't leave you the tall blonde, too, Bill.

Item XIX.—Mary Tate leaves to Molly Graham her various assortment of charms by which she infatuates the boys. The following charms will be found after graduation in Mary's locker: Two and a half lip sticks, raspberry flavor; one eyebrow pencil; five pounds of hair rats; three cakes of rouge; one large box of Theda Bara face powder. Molly, if you use these charms as Mary has, you may be able to win a Butte miner.

Item XX.—Evelyn Halverson leaves to Mary Margaret Hawes her dramatic aspirations. Remember what Evelyn did at the age of 6.

Item XXI.—At the request of Gladys McCrea, we leave to "Sid" Smythe one toy sheep that he may not get lonesome in her absence.

Item XXII.—"Dad" Walther leaves that which nearest his heart, Doris Baldwin, to "Skates" Skaaden, together with his booklet, "*Holding of the Hand and Patting of the Cheek.*" This will help to break the ice, as it were.



Item XXIII.—“Lizzie” Rush, having successfully and completely vamped “Wally” Rothrock and “Pat” Henneford, leaves to Lois Toevs her rules in this feminine art. The first rule, Lois, is to always sit three in the front seat of an Oakland “six.”

Item XXIV.—To that bunch of ignoramuses who hibernate in the early morning study club, we leave a skull as a constant reminder of the name that is most fitting for them, “Bonehead.”

In witness whereof we hereunto affix our name and signature.

(Signed) CLASS OF JANUARY, NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE.

In witness to the above document:

EDWIN AITCHISON,
HELEN MCCOY,
MARGARET CONNOLLY.



AT LAST.



To the Advertisers:

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ROY MEDBY,
Advertising Manager



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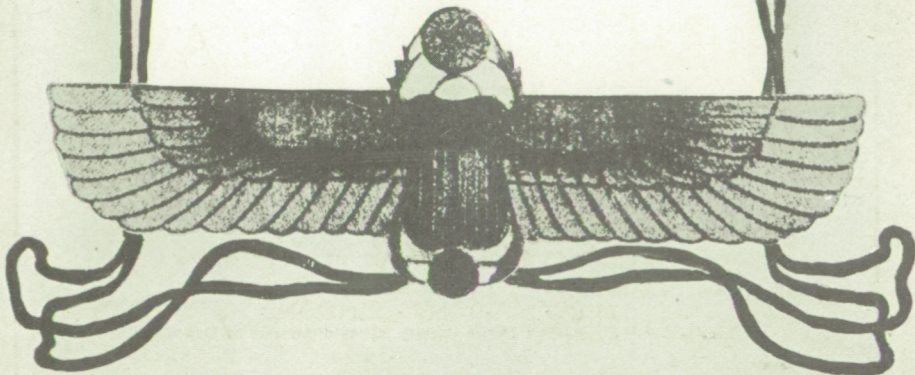
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JAN. '21



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Said Carlyle on Completing a Great Work



SO ONE FEELS on graduating. The trials are over, the harbor in sight, the realization of one's hopes at hand.

Lingering within the doorway of school and its educational advantages, upon the threshold of active life, thoughts for the future are many and bright.

May we congratulate you upon your present success, and extend to you our good wishes that the true and noble principles inculcated at school will prove a never-failing source of inspiration and gratification in the years to come.

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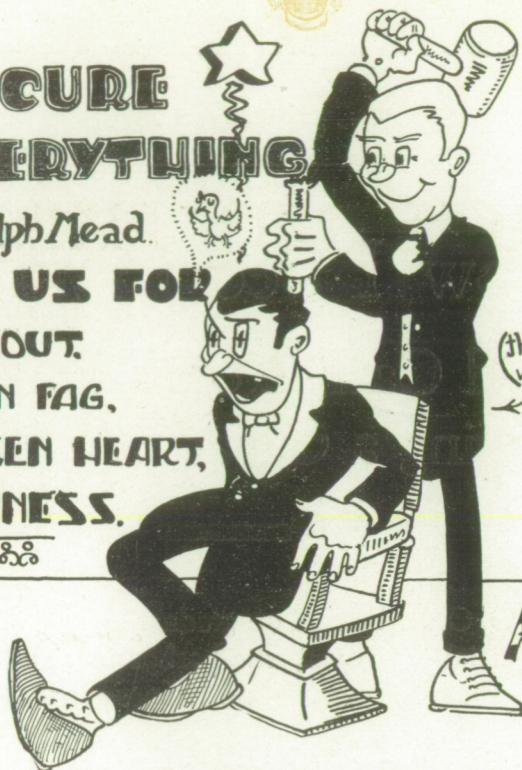
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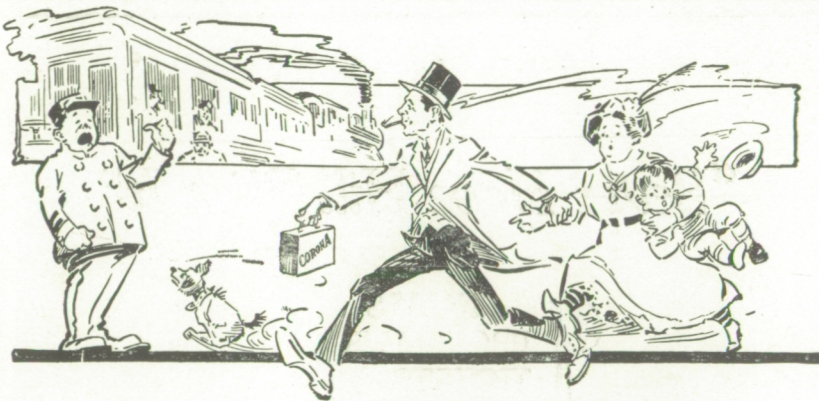
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JAN. '21



The Palace

CORNER MAIN AVE. AND POST ST.

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Please accept
the hearty
congratulations
of Spokane's
Big Cash Store

The C. M. Fassett Co.

(Incorporated)

Importers, Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in

Laboratory Supplies

For

Assayers, Chemists, Physicians,
Mines, Smelters and
Schools

—
SPOKANE, WASH.

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DANCING
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OUR SPECIALTY

5 RUBLES PER
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STEVENS SLIDE

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Baseball Uniforms
and
Pennants



Phone Riverside 1710

S. 208-208½ Howard St.
Spokane, Wash.



WE take this time to wish the graduates all success, and to thank them for their support of their school paper, in giving us past orders. We hope you will continue to patronize our store where "*Quality, Service and Fair Dealing*" live.



129 Howard

609 Main

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*Where Quality Reigns
Supreme*

Pies, Cakes, All Kinds
of Sandwiches



Candies

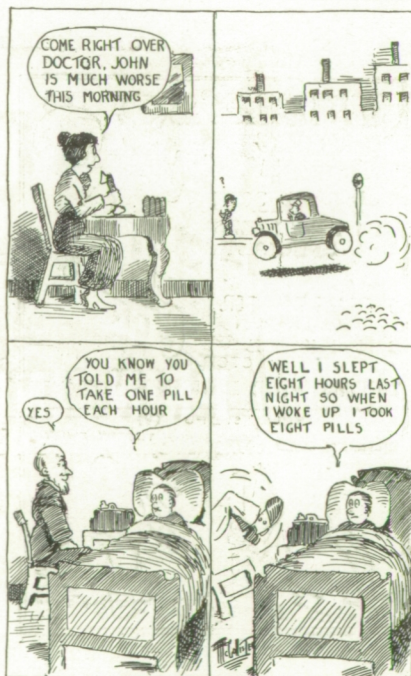


327 SOUTH HOWARD

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*Best Wishes
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Successful
Career*

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CANDY
CO.** 1015 First Ave.





FLEXIBILITY is the Natural Endowment of the **STANLEY CAR**

From the beginning, buyers of the motor cars have been demanding flexibility, and the manufacturers have been trying to supply it. Practically every motor car advertisement has proclaimed it.

We read in these advertisements that cylinders have been multiplied, valves have been doubled, carburetors, gear-shifts, clutches have been improved, time and again.

What is the purpose of all this? Is it not an attempt to give you flexibility!—to overcome the lack of power when necessity demands slowing up your car!—to minimize vibration and self-destructive effort!—to make it easier to shift gears!—to get instantaneous combustion and otherwise overcome the disadvantages of exploding fuel instead of burning it?

The intent has been good, but the results are unsatisfying.

If flexibility is worth advertising, it is obviously worth having.

In the Stanley, the power is stored when the call for it is light, for use when the call is heavy. The generation of the power does not depend on the speeding up of the engine. The delivery of power does not depend on changing the gear-ratio. The control is by the throttle only, without gear-shift or clutch. The customer can use the maximum power, not merely under the 10% of ideal road conditions, but also when he wants the power most—under the 90% of average give-and-take road conditions—when it means safety, satisfaction and assurance.

This is the flexibility which the manufacturers are trying to give their patrons—earnestly enough, but in a power plant which is in principle incapable of yielding it. It is the natural endowment of the Stanley.

The Stanley uses Kerosene for fuel.

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Styles
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I Can Fit You To Perfection for

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JAN. '21



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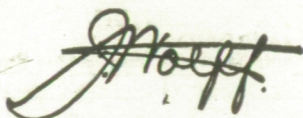
706 MAIN AVE.



The Wisdom of Caring for One's Eyes

TIMELY ATTENTION to one's eye needs is a preventative step. All eyes should be examined at least once every two years. With the proper care now, you need have no regrets in a few short years hence. The protection and conservation of this all-important organ is a reflection of your wisdom and sound judgment.

*Have your Eyes examined
the "Wolff" way*



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may you learn of your faults early, profit by it, and become successful men and women, and as time goes on ever remember that we carry a very choice line of

*Candies,
Pastries and
Delicious Sundaes*



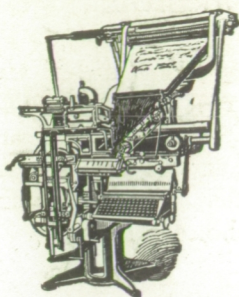
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"If It's Made of Paper We Have It"

John W. Graham & Co.
If Its Made of Paper We Have It.



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Spokane, Washington

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*by sending Her one of those
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Phone Main 5

(Kipp's Flower Store)



The Lewis and Clark Journal



A Paper Featuring Student Activities



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The Palm

519 RIVERSIDE

JAN. '21

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Repair House in the
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Manufacturers of

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and
SEMI STEEL
CASTINGS

Spokane Stove &
Furnace Repair
Works



The new vogue in clothes will be best portrayed in our Spring and Summer showing. Some of the features will be shorter vent and no vent, no flare backs. Coats will be shorter and lapels narrower. Our prices will be \$35.00 to \$65.00, made to your individual measure.

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to please you"*

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You
Are
Particular
Our
Photographs
Never
Fail to
Please

Nu-Art Studio



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conveys a subtle inference which is itself a forecast of the event. Many brides-to-be have entrusted this detail of their wedding to us, confident that their invitations would reflect a certain smart distinction. They have not been disappointed either in style or workmanship, nor in the prompt service we promised them. Our prices, too, were found reasonable. May we have the pleasure of showing you the new styles and giving you estimates? There is no objection, of course.

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JAN. '21

